



*Reluctant Press*

# A Birthday Wish

Gerri Becken



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. DIAMOND

**A 'SPECTRUM' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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## Prelude

*My name is Twinkle and I am a Birthday Fairy. No, I am the only Birthday Fairy now that Farrell retired. Being a Birthday Fairy is not as easy as it once was. The cut backs in staffing levels and the new regulations we need to comply with makes the job nearly impossible.*

*And the `Boss'! She wants the magic all used up so she can justify getting more when it comes time to do the new budget. She would have made a great slave driver.*

*The rules and regulations (I hate rules and regulations) require that only so much magic can be used at one time. As if it really makes sense to grant a wish like, "I want a Barbie Doll for my birthday." Especially when the kid is getting one, anyway.*

*I came up with a method of using up the magic and making it look like I have followed the regulations. Each time I come upon a birthday wish that would be granted before I got there, I save up the magic for the next wish. One wish is not very powerful, but after four or five... let us just say, look out.*

*I am not hurting anyone giving them what they asked for. Besides, the new Mark IV computer really grants the wishes these days. I just feed in the information and it happens. Farrell always checked the computer output. I never understood why. Computers can't make mistakes. And the Mark IV is the newest of the new.*

*As far as what birthday wishes are, well that is easy. Every time you blow out the candles on your cake, you make a birthday wish. If the wish gets through and doesn't hurt anyone else, then I can grant the wish. No wishing that your boss would drop dead, it won't work (I know, I have tried).*

*Birthday wishes come in all types and sizes. Take the case of...*

## *Grumpy Old Man*

*By Gerri Becken*

*“Life is wasted on the young.”* I thought, again. I was nearly ninety—years—old. Most of my life was behind me. I was retired from work. Most of my friends were dead or had moved away. My family was all elsewhere, my kids more worried about their grandchildren than their father.

I was living in a retirement home. Here, I could pretend to be on my own, even if I really wasn't. My actions were monitored to ensure that nothing happened to me. My meals were prepared to be healthy, with no real consideration being provided for the taste of the food.

Certain times during the day were set aside for group activities. During those times I was to attend, even if I didn't wish to attend. The choice of activities was limited and, if I was lucky, just plain boring. If I wasn't lucky, it was much worse.

*“Life is wasted on the young.”*

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My mind was as sharp as ever. This, coupled with my failing body, was nearly intolerable. As most of the others who shared Ocean Breezes adult community possessed both failing physical and mental health, it was worse.

The over worked staff tried to be nice and friendly with those of us that I called the “inmates”. There was just too little time to spend more than a couple of minutes with each of us individually.

Mary Worth was a dedicated Nurse Practitioner. She was about half my age, the single mother of two daughters, age fourteen and twelve.

Of the entire staff, she seemed to be the only one who knew that I was still in full possession of my mind. She did try to spend as much time with me as she could. Even her best was far too little but I appreciated her effort.

Over the past year I had learned much about her family. Some of what I had learned, was not public knowledge. Mary had lost her first child, a girl of less than two weeks to S.I.D.S.

I also knew that Mary's husband had left her with two baby girls for a much younger woman. He had died in a plane crash as he was leaving the country with a sexy seventeen—year—old girl.

He had withdrawn all of their savings and cashed in the life insurance policies to pay for the trip and left Mary with nothing but debts. Her girls only knew that their father had died in a plane crash when they were very young.

I suspected that, besides Mary, only I knew these facts. Of course, others could find it out from various records.

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“Mr. Jennings,” Mary said entering my room. “Why aren't you in the common room for bingo?”

“I hate bingo. It is about as stimulating as watching grass grow. I want to use my mind, not turn it off. I would rather stay in my room and play a game of chess against the computer,” I said.

“I can't let you do that. Whenever the computer beats you, your blood pressure goes up,” Mary explained to me.

“I would rather go out playing chess than bingo,” I said in a foul mood.

“What if I promise to not get excited if the computer wins a game?”

“That won't work. You always get too excited when the computer wins.”

“Can't I bring the chess game to the common room and play there?”

“I am afraid that Mr. Berkeley will not allow that. He cares about you and the other patients here.”

“He only cares that we continue to live so he gets paid for putting us up in this prison, and that he doesn't need to fill out the paper work when one of us dies.”

“That is not true. Mr. Berkeley does to care about you... and you know it. This is one of the best adult care communities in the state.”

“It being the best doesn't mean that it is any good!” I said.

I knew it was one of the best in the state, even the nation. I knew that I was lucky to be in such a good *home*. Still, it left a lot to be desired.

“Now come on Mr. Jennings, let me help you to the common room,” Mary said, being nice to me.

“Damn it all. I may not be as healthy as you, but I am not on my death bed. I can make it to the common room, if I want.”

"I don't doubt you can, but if you don't let me help you, then Brutus will be here to help you; and you know what that means."

I knew what it meant. Brutus was a giant of a man. He was as weak mentally as he was strong physically. He would not hurt a fly but otherwise did whatever Mr. Berkeley told him to do.

I let Mary help me to the common room. I left my chess game behind. "*Life is wasted on the young.*"

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In the common room, I was seated next to George Mitchell and Henry Wilson. These two were closest to being my friends in the entire center. Unfortunately, I figured between the two of them, they had half a brain; and they were two of the smarter ones here.

"Jolly good show, you showing up just in time, Jennings old boy," Henry Wilson said to me.

He was no more English than I was. However, he liked to think he was.

"Where else would he be, Wilson?" George Mitchell said. "If we ain't dead, we are here." Mitchell didn't like anything and let everyone know it.

The two of them were often the center of attention when they both managed to get their dander up. The head nurse, Susan St. George, knew this and didn't want them to get into it right now.

"Ladies and Gentlemen. We are about to begin our game. Does everyone have their bingo cards?"

Everyone didn't. There was the usual confusion as the staff moved through the room helping the "inmates" with their cards.

Finally, things settled down and Susan began to call out the various letters and numbers for bingo.

"B 5," she began. "B 5."

"Bingo!" Came the shout from the rear of the room. Alice Jamenson had called bingo after the first number was called.

This brought about some cat calls from some of the more aware "inmates" as they began to heap comments on Alice for calling bingo too soon.

"*This is so thrilling, I could just shit,*" I thought to myself. "*How could anyone find this even remotely exciting?*"

Somehow I made it through the hour. As was common, we were able to complete only one short game and start a second before the time ran out.

The staff began to help others back to their rooms. I noticed Billy Joe Franklin begin to wander toward the front door. Billy Joe thought he was a prisoner of war in an

enemy P.O.W. camp. He often used confusion at times like this to try to escape. If I called out to stop him, he would be mad at me. Yet, if he got out he might be hurt.

I decided the best course of action was to get someone else to finger him. I hobbled over to Alice Jamenson and whispered in her, "Billy Joe is going out dancing. If you hurry, you can go with him." I then moved away.

Alice Jamenson was slower than most. It took her a full minute to understand what I had said. It then took her another two minutes to decide that she wanted to go as well. At that point, Billy Joe was almost to the front door.

Alice Jamenson looked around and noticed Billy Joe. She then shouted out to him, "Billy Joe, wait for me. Don't leave without me." This caused the staff to notice Billy Joe and guide him back to his room.

As they did so, he repeated over and over, "Franklin, William J., Corporal, 234—87—2468."

I felt sorry for Billy Joe, and the rest of the people here. They all deserved better than they got. I guess I knew that Mr. Berkeley was really trying to give us a good place to live. It just wasn't possible to provide the kind of support that was needed on the money he received. Many of the people here were not very well off. It was old age conspiring against us.

*"Life is wasted on the young."*

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My room was really one of the better rooms in the place. It came from making several really good investments when I was younger. I could not be considered one of the *filthy rich* but I was much better off than most people.

Most of my money was to go to my family when I died. In their own way they loved and cared about me. But they didn't need the money that much, either.

My children were nearing retirement age themselves and had good retirement plans. They could take good care of their kids and grandchildren.

I had decided that I would leave an endowment to my college, another to Ocean Breezes, and then set up a fund to help Mary send her daughters to college.

Both were bright girls, if not a little wild. They need someone to set an example for them, someone that doesn't work twelve hour days for eight hours of pay.

My room was filled with books, my computer equipment, and the rest of my merger belongings. The view was of the beach.

During the summer months I could wish as I watched the young kids play in the surf. But at nearly ninety, I was almost too old to remember what I might be wishing for. *"Life is wasted on the young."*

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I stumbled into my room. My body was not able to take much in the way of exercise or excitement. The short walk from the common room to my room was nearly enough to wear me out.

I could remember in my youth being able to walk for miles and miles without even getting tired. Now a hundred meters was more than I could handle. "*Life is wasted on the young.*"

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"Happy Birthday to you. Happy Birthday to you. Happy Birthday, Mr. Jennings. Happy Birthday to you."

I tried not to show, at least not too much, the disgust that I felt. The nurses were holding a *surprise* birthday party for me on the open deck. There was no surprise for this, as they did it for everyone on their birthday.

What was worse was the view. Due to the warm summer weather there were numerous scantily clad young ladies. What was so bad about the view was that it reminded me that at ninety, there was nothing that I could do about young ladies, scantily clad or otherwise. "*Life is wasted on the young.*"

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"Make a wish and blow out your candles," Susan St. George said. "The others are waiting to welcome you into their club." The club was of those who had reached the age of ninety. About ten of the "inmates" were ninety or older.

I looked over at the over ninety club with despair. Three were drooling on themselves. Two weren't intelligent enough to drool on themselves. The remaining five were all wheel chair bound. Not much to look at, and even less to want to join.

"*I wish I was young again,*" I wished to myself, my gaze going passed the over ninety group to a group of teenage girls, hardly wearing anything at all on their fit and trim bodies. "*Like them.*" I finished my wish.

I tried to blow out the candles. Somehow all ninety candles went out under my feeble attempt to blow them out.

George Mitchell complained as I did so. "He has spit all over the cake."

Henry Wilson added his two cents worth with a, "good show old chap. Jolly good show."

George Mitchell continued to complain. "I don't want a piece he has spit on. Why did you let him spit on the cake?"

We were a sad lot. *“Life is wasted on the young.”*

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It was mid morning when I woke. Normally, I woke with the sun. *“Must be getting old,”* I thought as I laid in my bed.

As I stretched, I could not help but think, *“I have not felt this good in years. Maybe today will be a good day.”*

I heard the knock on my door. “Mr. Jennings. It is Mary. Are you awake?”

I knew that if I answered she would come in and if I didn't she would come in. She knew I knew this as well and knew that I normally didn't answer.

I watched Mary enter my room, closing the door behind her. “What, still in bed? One would think you are old,” she said, with more than a trace of concern.

I moved a leg to let her know that there was still life in this body.

Once again I thought to myself, *“I sure do feel good. Almost like I was young again.”*

I continued to stretch and watch Mary as she moved to open the curtains in my room.

I moved to sit up, feeling a strange weight upon my chest as I moved. Before I could voice any concern, Mary opened the curtains and turned to look at me.

The look on her face changed from her normal motherly look, to surprise, to fear, to anger; about as fast as I could notice each emotion. “Who are you and what are you doing in Mr. Jennings' bed?” She asked as if she meant it.

“What the...” was all I said. My voice was not my voice. It was too high. “What the hell?” I managed to say on the second try, my voice still too high.

“I don't know who you are, young lady, but you have some explaining to do,” Mary said. “And watch your language.”

I knew she was mad at me. *“Young Lady?”*

With a sudden awareness, I stood and moved toward the only mirror in my room, the one in the bathroom. As I moved, my jockey shorts fell to around my knees. I stepped out of them and continued to the bathroom.

The reflection was a pretty young lady. I would guess she was in high school, but probably not a Senior. She was fairly tall for a woman. Her breasts were visible beneath the old T—shirt she wore. She was I.

I sat down on the toilet before I fell down. *“I am a girl. A GIRL! A GIRL!! A GIRL!!!*  
SLAP.

My head was jerked sideways by the blow of the back of a hand.

SLAP.

My head was jerked the other way. My mind was clearing, once more in control.

“Now, young lady, tell me who you are and what you are doing in this room,” Mary demanded. She seemed to tower over me.

“I don't think you will believe this. I am not sure that I believe it,” I began.

“I'll be the judge of that. Just tell me what you are doing here and where Mr. Jennings is.”

“That is the part that I don't believe,” I said. “I *am* Bob Jennings.”

Mary stood over me. The look on her face was at first total disbelief. I couldn't blame her for not believing me. I really didn't believe me.

“I know it is impossible. I went to bed last night after my birthday party. I woke when you came into my room. I was Bob Jennings when I went to bed and I am as you see me when I woke up.”

“Why should I believe you?”

“Because of Kimberly,” I said.

The disbelief left Mary's face. She sank to the edge of the tub. “Mr. Jennings, that is really you.”

“I think it is.”

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Once Mary got over her shock, she went into motion. She placed a call to her home getting a hold of her eldest daughter directing her to bring some clothes for me to wear. She also talked with Mr. Berkeley, explained everything to him and was able to convince him that it was probably true.

It was after noon before things once again came to a head. I was dressed in a skimpy two—piece swim suit that was at least a size too small. I covered it with one of my T—shirts, which now fit me like a mini dress. I had brushed my shoulder length hair into a simple pony tail.

Besides the obvious change, there were a lot of other changes. I had shrunk from a bent 5 ft. 11 inches to a straight 5 ft. 8 inches.. My weight was down from just over a flabby 170 lb.. to just over a trim 125 lb..

According to Mary, who had given me a very complete physical, I was all girl, between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, most probably sixteen.

“I would bet that you not only look like a girl but that you are 100% female,” she had said after examining me.

In addition to Mr. Berkeley, Mary, and me; also present was a Mr. Upson (the attorney for Ocean Breeze) and Josh Lillyheart (my lawyer). The meeting was about me. Really, it was about both of me.

Josh spoke first. "While I agree that all of the evidence seems to indicate that this young lady was in fact yesterday, my client; I feel we need to treat the two of them different. In many ways, beyond the obvious, they are different. I think it will be easier to transfer control of Mr. Jennings finances to this young lady, than it would be to try to claim that she and he are the same person."

"Now, Bob," he said turning to me. "I know that you are you. I am just talking from the legal stand point. If Bob Jennings dies, then half of our problem is resolved. That leaves only the issue of whom you, Bob, have become."

"I believe that you have over simplified the problem, Mr. Lillyheart," stated Mr. Upson.

"The faked death of Mr. Jennings, without a body to prove our case, will leave the center open for law suits and legal actions. I would recommend that we not become involved in this obviously illegal activity."

Mary placed her hand on my arm to restrain me as I started to say something. I relaxed, a little.

"Mr. Upson," said Mr. Berkeley. "Like it or not, we are very much involved in 'this obviously illegal activity'. As I see it, we either support what Mr. Lillyheart suggests, make a productive counter suggestion, or prepare to have the pants sued off of us and our license revoked."

"Why?" Mr. Upson asked.

"If we cannot explain Mr. Jennings' disappearance, then we will have 'lost' a patient."

"But this *is* Mr. Jennings," Mr. Upson said, pointing at me.

"I agree that she *was* Mr. Jennings. However, it will not be easy to prove. Even if we do, we lose. How many people would want to stay in a retirement home where they are changed into other people? Mr. Jennings is lucky to have ended up so young. Is the loss of his sex worth that change?"

I wanted to say "no", but I suddenly stopped and thought about it. I was suddenly more than seventy years younger.

With luck, I would have a chance to relive those seventy years. More precisely, live another seventy years. Was that worth the loss of my male sex which I hadn't used in forty years?

"Then we will prove that she is not Mr. Jennings."

"That would be fairly easy to do, I agree," Mr. Berkeley said.

"However, we are still faced with the question as to where did he go and why we are not out looking for him. Do you wish the world to think that we are so unconcerned about those staying here that one can be missing for most of a day before we take any action? I cannot see a way for us to win, can you?"

Mr. Upson opened his mouth to speak and then closed it. He then said, "at this time, no, I do not."

“Fine. Now Mr. Lillyheart, Mr. Upson did bring up some important points. How can we handle those points?”

“If the body is cremated, then there would be no one to challenge the lack of body. As executor of Mr. Jennings' will, I can order his body cremated. We can go so far as to claim a John Doe from the morgue and have him cremated, if you feel it is important.”

There was no comment from anyone, so he continued. “As far as life insurance goes, rather than collecting on the policy, we can just cash it in, before the death, and not worry about illegal actions. The reason for the cashing in can be as simple as a plan to invest the money in other, more lucrative ventures.”

Again, there was no comment from anyone.

“The only issue that is even marginally illegal is the issue of a death certificate and the birth records for whomever she becomes. The death certificate is one that will question the reason for the signature, which is for the good of the patient and not to defraud anyone. Birth records and the like will be harder to cover. Then because they really need to be back dated.”

Mary spoke for the first time. “I might be able to help,” she said.

The men in the room all looked at her. “What did you say?” Mr. Upson asked.

“I said I might be able to help with a birth record.”

“And how would you do that?” Mr. Upson asked.

I knew. I looked at Mary and said, “Kimberly?”

“Yes,” she said as she turned to the others.

“My eldest daughter died when she was two weeks old. In my grief I didn't care that the death certificate was not filed. When I noticed it had not been filed, it didn't really matter as she was dead. Mr. Jennings is welcome to have her birth certificate.”

“How old is she?” Josh started to ask before changing the question to, “I mean, how old would she have been if she had lived?”

“Kimberly was born sixteen years ago, yesterday.”

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I won't go into the legal wheeling and dealing that went on over the next several weeks. Josh did an excellent job, as he had for the last ten years, since he had taken over my account from his grandfather.

Mr. Upson, once he got moving, proved to be a top notch lawyer as well. When they finished, most of my wishes had been addressed.

Kimberly had a trust fund established and would be able to attend college, as would her sisters. Mary was receiving an `allowance' that would more than cover the

extra expenses of Kimberly. My family received most of my belongings. My college and Ocean Breezes each received a generous gift.

Josh also accepted the job as Executor of my will and the trust fund.

All in all, everyone was happy; everyone but me.

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Six weeks isn't a long time. It is far too short to learn to be someone totally different. Sixteen—year—old coeds are not grouchy old men. I was a grouchy old man in the body of a sixteen—year—old coed. I would always be a grouchy old man in the body of a sixteen—year—old coed.

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“I really don't want to do that, Mary,” I said, using the same tone I had used with Mary over the last several years. “I don't see why I should.”

“Kimberly,” Mary said. “I am your mother and that in its self is reason enough.”

“However, if you want another reason; if you don't, you will be grounded until you turn eighteen.”

“You can't ground me,” I said defiantly, placing my hands on my narrow waist.

I was wrong. She not only could, but did ground me.

I was not about to give in. She might be able to ground me, but I was not going to give in. I would not do what she wanted. Being stuck in my room couldn't be that bad.

Again, I was wrong. I had thought that life at Ocean Breezes had been boring. Being in an active body of a sixteen—year—old girl stuck in a small room was worse. There was less to do and more desire to do something.

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“I'm sorry, Mother,” I said, apologizing to Mary after five days locked in my room. I had been allowed out four times a day to use the bathroom and two other times to eat.

I may have apologized, but I had not given in.

“I doubt you really mean that, but it doesn't matter. We have a lot of work to do before school starts. You have a lot to learn by then about being a girl and a youth.”

“It can't be that hard to be a girl or a youth today. Look at the caliber of those who do it.”

I had not thought much of the youth for most of my life, for at least the last fifty years.

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“Smile.”

I smiled the dopey smile that I was trying to master.

“Be happy.”

*“I am not very happy, but things could be worse, I could be dead.”*

“Be young.”

*“Like how could I help but be young, I was sixteen.”*

“Young ladies don't act that way.”

“This one does.”

“Young ladies don't use those words.”

“Why the hell not?”

“Young ladies' don't...”

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I was sick of what young ladies did or didn't do; should or shouldn't do. I had experienced about everything a young woman does.

When I had my first period, I thought I was dying. By the second day, I wished I would. I survived. Mother said I was a big baby. *“I was not!”* I had pouted when she had said that.

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Somehow, in spite of my being a grouchy old man, I manage to make it through the intensive training and was, a couple days before school started, out shopping for clothes.

Mary's other two daughters had accepted me into their home and family. It had not been a painless acceptance, but I was accepted.

Susan, who had been the eldest, liked me the most; at least most of the time. I think she was happy to get rid of the eldest daughter's chores. It was only when I was called upon to be the older sister when she didn't want me to do so, that she didn't like me.

Janice, the youngest, seemed to distrust me. At the age of twelve, she had just become enough of a woman to be concerned. I think she was a bit afraid of me.

"Why can't I wear this to school?" I asked Mom, holding up a tight short skirt. "Everyone else is?"

"I doubt that everyone else is wearing that to school," Mom said in response. "Besides," she started with the old stand by of parents everywhere, "if everyone else jumped off Beckman Towers, would you?"

"Mom!" I complained, "that is different. Besides, it is my money."

"That is not true, young lady. *Mr. Jennings* left me that money to help me take care of my *three* daughters," Mary said, reminding me that I was now Kimberly Worth, not Bob Jennings.

I gave in, putting back the outfit, accepting defeat with all the pouting I could.

"How about this?" Mom asked, holding up a hideous skirt and top. The skirt came to below my knees!

"Mother!" I complained. "Janice wouldn't even wear that!"

"Leave me out of this, Kimie," Janice said. I hated it when she called me Kimie.

"That is a real 'dorky' outfit, Mom," Susan said, coming to my aid. "Only a little girl, or a total geek would wear that."

Thus, went our shopping trip. I ended up with several outfits that I liked, a few that I picked because I thought everyone else would be wearing them, and a few Mom picked out.

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Now for the big test.

High School.

School should be a breeze for me. I had completed high school before. I had earned a Master's degree in Engineering. I should be able to just coast through, right?

WRONG!

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“Thus the United States fought World War II to gain control of a large empire for the sale of goods,” stated my Modern World History teacher.

He had not been born when the war had been fought. I had served in that war.

“Mr. Roberts, I cannot agree with that statement. At the start of the war, the United States could not produce enough to satisfy the population. It wasn't until near the end of the war that the country production was large enough to produce a surplus. The war was not fought to gain trade.”

Mr. Roberts glanced at his role book before saying, “Miss Worth, you have expressed an opinion that is not defensible by facts.”

“I quite disagree.”

“Then maybe you will prepare a paper on why you think the United States fought World War II. Next Monday should be soon enough.”

*“Great. In school but one period and already you have yourself on the teacher's shit list and have an extra home work assignment. Maybe next time you will keep your month shut,”* I thought to myself.

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“Can anyone explain why this is not true?” Mr. Aldrich asked.

I wasn't really paying much attention. This was math and I was good at math. Instead, I was thinking about how I would write the paper for Modern World History.

“Miss Worth, can you join us and explain why this is not true?” Mr. Aldrich asked pointing to the formula on the white board.

I looked at the equation for the first time. I recognized the equation. It was a proof that  $1=0$ .

“Mr. Aldrich, the equation is not true because it involves dividing by zero in step three,” I said, explaining the one loop hole in the problem.

“Very good, Miss Worth. Now class, why is this equation here correct?”

I looked at the second equation. It was a big equation, one that was not correct. I said under my breath, “It is not right.”

Mr. Aldrich must have had radar for ears. “What did you say, Miss Worth?”

Before I could answer, a girl behind me said, “she said it is not right, Mr. Aldrich.”

I turned to look at the girl. She gave me a big smile. I returned her smile.

*“Bitch. May your bra stuffing show.”* I laid a curse upon her before turning back to face Mr. Aldrich.

“It is not right. You made a mistake in writing the formula. It should be A minus B not A plus B.”

Mr. Aldrich looked at the equation and said, “you are right.”

I heard from behind me, “Brainy bitch.”

I was really going to fit in, wasn't I?

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“Who wants to have the role of...” Mrs. House, the English teacher, who also taught drama started off the class. She was assigning roles for the reading of a play for English Literature. She had just asked about the role of the female lead when I felt a sharp pain in the small of my back.

“Ouch!” I turned around to see who had done it to me.

“Do you wish to try for the lead?” Mrs. House asked before I could respond to the girl behind me.

“Heavens, no,” I replied. “I am not very good at acting. However, Rebecca just said she wanted to try out for the role. She would be a natural.”

Rebecca would be a natural, character casting to be sure. The female lead was a real bitch, just like Rebecca.

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Somehow I managed to make it through rest of day, in Chemistry, German, and P.E. without making myself too obvious.

Girl's P.E. proved to be my hardest class and yet in many ways my most satisfying. I enjoyed being able to do physical activities. I was more limber than I remembered ever being, and promised myself that I would work hard at keeping it that way.

The second day of school was in most ways better than the first. I managed not to bring any attention to myself.

“Can I speak to you for a moment, Kimberly?” Asked Miss Johnson, the Girl's Gym teacher.

“Sure, Miss Johnson,” I answered, trying to appear nonchalant as I stripped out of my gym uniform and sports bra before getting dressed.

“I am the Cheerleading Squad's Faculty Advisor,” she began. “I saw you in gym class today and I wanted to ask you to join the cheerleading squad. We lost several girls over the summer that we had been counting on returning this school year and we are short a couple of girls.”

“Me? A cheerleader?” The shock I felt in my voice.

“You are kidding? I could never be a cheerleader.”

“Why not, Kimberly. You are pretty enough and athletic enough to be a cheerleader. You aren't afraid of getting up in front of a crowd are you?”

“It isn't the idea of getting up in front of a crowd that scares me,” I thought to myself before answering. “Yes. That is it.”

“The best way to over come a fear is to face it. You will be a better person if you face this fear and over come it. Think it over and let me know, tomorrow.”

One couldn't disagree with her logic. I just didn't want to stand out as too feminine a girl. I wasn't ready to be noticed by guys.

As it soon turned out, it didn't matter if I was a cheerleader or not. Guys had already noticed me. I turned down two dates before the second day of school was over.

Mom must belong to some secret information network. When she got home a little after eight o'clock, she asked me if I had decided if I was going to be a cheerleader or not.

“I think you would really enjoy being a cheerleader. Besides, it would be good for you, *Kimberly Worth*.”

Susan added her two cents worth.

“I think it would be great to be a cheerleader. Could you help get me on the squad?”

\*\*\*\*\*

Two weeks later, on Friday night, I was dressed in the skimpy cheerleading outfit worn by all of the Varsity cheerleaders. The skirt barely covered the panty bottoms, while the tight sleeveless top left little doubt about my feminine charms.

The up side was I was making friends. Miss Johnson wouldn't allow any of the cheerleaders to not be friends. Still, I formed the beginnings of life long friendships with two of the cheerleaders.

“Can't I get out of the after game dance?” I asked.

“No. Miss Johnson would only let you miss the dance in case of a death in the family, yours,” Rebecca Brumbach said. “Besides, it will be fun. The guys really try hard to impress the cheerleaders.”

All I could think was, “Great. Just Great. Just what I want, a bunch of hormone controlled adolescence boys after my body.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“Mom!” I shouted after hanging up the phone. “Thomas asked me to Homecoming. I need to get a formal. Can we go tomorrow?”

“Can't it wait until Saturday? I am off work on Saturday.”

“Saturday is three days away. What if all of the good gowns are gone by then?”

“I doubt that all of the gowns will be gone by then. After all, Homecoming is over a month away.”



\*\*\*\*\*

“How about this gown?” I was holding up a strapless gown that was slit almost to the waist.

“Isn't it a little too, ah, revealing?”

“I don't think so,” I answered. “I think I will try it on.”

“What do you think, Mom?” I did a slow turn before her.

“I think you have become a grown woman,” she said. “Yes, *my daughter*. You are now a woman, no longer a Grumpy Old Man.”

Happy Birthday.

## SWEET SIXTEEN

*By Gerri Becken*

*“But Mom,” I complained, “all of the guys are allowed to date.”*

*“I know that is not true, young man,” Mother responded.*

*“Even if it was true, that does not matter. You will be allowed to date when I think you are old enough, not before.”*

*“But you let Sis date,” I pointed out.*

*“You're right. I let your sister date. She is however, three years older than you are and is a senior in high school. You are a freshman.”*

*“It's not fair,” I said in a pout. “It just isn't fair.”*

*“You will find, young man that life is not fair.”*

\*\*\*\*\*

*Mother treated me too much like a baby. I was her youngest, but still. I was a man, or nearly so.*

*Most of the guys I knew had begun dating in seventh or eighth grade. I knew that I could not win an argument with Mother by throwing a fit. She only gave in to logic. Unfortunately for me, she considered it logical for me not to rush trying to grow up.*

*She and Father had rushed into marriage, because of Sis. I think she felt that Father had worked himself to death trying to make ends meet. She didn't want either Sis or me to suffer the same fate.*

*But I was a man of the Nineties. A man who was much more informed about sex and stuff than either Mother or Father had been way back in the late Seventies. I just wish I could convince Mother of that.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*“You going to ask Stephanie to the dance?” Paul asked me.*

*“I don't think so. I want to keep my options open at the dance.”*

*“Your Mom still won't let you date, huh?”*

*“That's not it at all,” I lied. “I really don't want to be tied down to just one girl.”*

*Paul was my friend, maybe my best friend. I didn't want him to know that Mother wouldn't let me date.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*The after school dance was a popular activity. I arrived by myself.*

*I entered the gymnasium and looked around. I had timed my arrival so not to be early. At least fifty couples were dancing on the dance floor.*

*At the far end of the gymnasium was the band, a local band made up of Seniors. I recognized the band leader, Patrick.*

*I knew him from Boy Scouts. He was active in many different activities; sports, drama, scouting, and the band.*

*He had always treated me nicely. Although as a Senior, he didn't hang out with me.*

*I observed the available talent lined up on display.*

*“Another good reason to start dating,” I thought, noticing that the best girl over there was probably a five, if that much.*

*I took my place on the boy's side of the gymnasium, trying not to notice that the only other guys over here were, what I would call dorks or nerds.*

*Once again, I cursed Mother to myself.*

*“If only Mother would let me date,” I thought as I noticed Stephanie dancing with Billy. I wished it was me dancing with her.*

*After about a half hour, I asked Susan for a dance. I liked her well enough, but not as a girlfriend. Besides, no one else had asked her to dance.*

*By the end of the evening, I had danced about no more than a half dozen dances. “If only Mother would let me date.”*

\*\*\*\*\*

*Mother asked me how the dance went as I got home.*

*“All of the good girls had dates,” I said.*

“There weren't a lot of girls to chose from. I ended up spending most of the evening standing with the dorks and the nerds.”

“Come now, it could not have been that bad,” Mother said. “If it was, why did you go?”

How could I explain to my mother that I went to try to maintain an image of a man about campus? Guys don't want to be considered `boys' when they are my age; we are *men*.

Mother said I could have a 'boy—girl' birthday party, but I had to wait for the week-end. She had planned one that would not be too embarrassing and I could invite some the girls that I had dreamed about dating.

On my birthday, Mother fixed a special meal for my sister, Alice Anne, and me.

It was my favorite meal. We had fried chicken, mashed potatoes, green beans, and rolls. I knew there would be cake for desert.

As Alice Anne cleared the dinner dishes, I leaned back, stuffed.

“Mother, please hurry with the cake,” Alice Anne said. “I have a date tonight. Roger is due here soon.”

“*Great!*” I thought as Mother entered the room with the small birthday cake. “*Sis reminds me that she can date and I can't.*”

I heard Roger's car drive up as Mother lit the fourteen candles on the cake.

“Hurry up, make your wish, and blow out the candles. ”Roger is waiting outside.”

“*I wish I could date, just like Alice Anne.*” I wished as I blew out the candles.

I felt a fog come over me as the last candle went out.

\*\*\*\*\*

“*What is going on?*” I wondered.

“You had better hurry up, Rebecca.” I heard Mother say. “Patrick will be here soon to take you to the movies.”

“*Who is Rebecca?*” I wondered. Only my mother and my sister, Alice Anne, were here with me.

“Bye, Mother. Bye, Rebecca.” Alice Anne headed for the door.

“Roger plans to take me out for a burger after the movie, so I won't be home before ten, Mother. And don't you and Patrick come to the Burger Palace after the movie, Rebecca.” Alice Anne looked right at me.

“*Me!*”

Before I could think much about that the phone rang.

Alice Anne answered it. “Hello. I'll get her for you, Patrick.”

She then tossed the cordless phone to me, saying, "it's Patrick for you, Rebecca."

I caught the phone, noticing several things.

Protruding from my chests were two lumps that stuck out `about a mile'. They were breasts, a woman's breasts, they were my breasts.

My hands had painted finger nails. Reddish purple nail polish covered each long finger nail. A ring. A girl's ring was on my left hand's ring finger.

My hairless legs peeked out from beneath a short plaid skirt. My feet were comfortably wearing a pair of black flats.

I lifted the phone to my ear and said, "yes."

My voice wasn't mine. I controlled it, but it wasn't my voice. It was the voice of a girl... a girl's voice.

"Hi, Becky. Thought I let you know that I will be a little late. Dad made me make some phone calls I had forgotten. I should be leaving here in five minutes. We should still have plenty of time to make the movie. What do you think about a burger afterwards?"

I was confused. Very confused. I reacted to the question without thinking. "Fine, I guess." I then added, "Alice Anne and Roger will be at the Burger Palace and she doesn't want us there. You know how older sisters can be?"

"Is everything okay, Becky?" Patrick asked.

"Yeah, sure." I lied. "I am just disappointed that you will be late." I lied again. "I'll be waiting."

"See you in about ten, Becky." He then added a sound that sounded like a kiss over the phone. I returned his kiss, over the phone, and hung up.

I reached up and brushed back my hair. I went to the hall table and hung up the phone. I looked at myself in the hall mirror.

I looked a lot like me and a lot like my sister. My hair cascaded over my shoulders in a mass of brown curls. My eye brows were much thinner and much more arched than I remembered them.

I could see the top I was wearing. It was a simple white blouse. My bra was barely visible underneath my blouse. I could see the upper bulge of my breasts at the top of my blouse.

My lips had a coat of lipstick on them, not a very pronounced shade, but it was obvious that I was wearing lipstick. My eye lashes looked a lot fuller than I remembered them looking. I was wearing makeup.

"You had better finish getting ready for your date with Patrick," Mother said. "I'll do the dishes tonight for you, Rebecca. Consider it part of your birthday present. A girl only has one `Sweet Sixteen' birthday," Mother finished.

I went to my bedroom, only it wasn't my bedroom. It was Rebecca's bedroom. The room nearly screamed girls' room. I noticed only one or two things that I recognized from my room.

I flopped down on the bed. I touched one of the massive mounds that protruded from my chest. It was all me. Rather than feel myself, I decide to go to the bathroom before I left.

I sat and did what I remembered being able to do standing before. I didn't spend a lot of time examining myself. What I could see said I was "all girl".

Suddenly something Mother had said came back into my mind. She had said, "A girl only has one 'Sweet Sixteen' birthday."

"Was I sixteen?"

I quickly pulled up my panties and nylons. I rushed back to my room.

I found a purse on the feminine desk in my room. I opened the purse and pulled out my wallet. Inside was a student body card for me. I was a Junior. I also found my learner's permit. I read it several times.

It said I was Rebecca Marie von Stein, and that as of today, I was sixteen. I had aged two years, as well as became a girl.

"How?"

"Why?"

\*\*\*\*\*

"Rebecca!" Mother called up the stairs. "Patrick is here."

"Coming Mother," I answered, still fascinated with my feminine sounding voice.

I didn't have much to go on as far as what to expect on a date. I figured I would get a free movie and burger. "*It might be fun.*"

Patrick was waiting for me as I entered the living room. It was the same Patrick that I remembered. His eyes lit up when I entered the room.

"Happy Birthday, Becky," he said, handing me a small package.

"You shouldn't have, Patrick," I said accepting the gift.

"Go on, open it." He sounded more excited about the package than I was.

My long painted finger nails proved more than able to handle the task of opening the package. Inside was a small box. Inside the box was a very feminine necklace. It was a delicate silver chain with a heart on the end of it.

"It's beautiful," I said, without even thinking.

Patrick beamed with pride. "I wanted to give you my love."

"Thank you," I said, standing on my tippee toes to give him a kiss. I then turned around and asked him, "put it on me, please?"

I lifted my hair up so Patrick could place the necklace around my neck. The heart fell between my breasts as Patrick finished putting the necklace around my neck.

“Ready to go?”

“Sure,” Patrick said as he held my hand while we walked to his car.

\*\*\*\*\*

All during the drive to the movie and the movie, my mind was in turmoil. I wasn't sure what I was feeling or why.

I had always liked Patrick, as a friend. Most of the girls in school wanted to have a boyfriend like Patrick. He was handsome, popular, and active in sports. In addition, he was liked by their parents because he was a Boy Scout and a `nice' boy.

My body was reacting to Patrick in ways I did, but did not, understand. I made a leap of understanding that I was reacting to Patrick, much like I had reacted to pretty girls before... with sexual interest.

I glanced up at Patrick. His arm was around me, carefully holding me against his body.

*“I wonder if this will be worth it?”* I wondered if the free burger and movie would be worth the confusion I was feeling.

*“Well, at least I don't have to worry about Patrick taking me parking.”* I thought, almost with a feeling of loss.

After the movie, Patrick took me to Fast Freddie's Taco Factory for a Taco and a soda. There were several other couples I knew there. People whom I knew only by name before, were now my friends. Not only that, but I found that I could remember events that they were talking about, events that I couldn't have remembered.

“What did you think about that test in History?” I was asked by Beth. “Wasn't it easy?”

I suddenly remembered the test and it had been easy. Beth and I had studied for it after school. “It was, wasn't it. But only because you helped me study for the test.” Beth was a bit of a brain.

After we finished our taco and soda, Patrick and I left Fast Freddie's and headed home... or so I thought.

\*\*\*\*\*

Patrick pulled to a stop at a city park not too far from my house. He parked the car so we could see the moon as it rose over the park.

“Romantic sense, isn't it, Becky?” Patrick asked as he turned and looked deep into my eyes.

“It is,” I answered.

*“He is going to kiss me. He is going to really, really kiss me. I can't let him kiss me,”* I thought, as my lips moved to meet his.

*“He is kissing me. He is really, really kissing me. I can't be letting him kiss me,”* I thought, as my hands found their way to his neck holding him tightly against me.

Any other thoughts of desire not to be kissed evaporated under the heat of passion. I felt his hand under my blouse, moving to my breast. I moved my body, just a little, allowing him easy access to my breast. I felt his lip break with mine and kiss my neck.

“Oh, Patrick,” I moaned. My body was aflame with the fire of passion for Patrick. My body was reacting to Patrick like only a woman's body could. My mind was trying to rebel against this feeling, trying and losing as my lips hungrily sought out his, once again.

Happy Birthday, Sweet Sixteen.

# Hormones

*By Gerri Becken*

*“I wish I could grow up and not have to do this dumb homework. I want to work with computers,” I thought as I worked on my math home work. I was getting bored with the repetitive questions. “I want to get out and live life. I have two more years of high school to go. I don't know if I can make it.”*

*“I wish I could return to the carefree life of a high school student.,” she thought as she rang up the charges at the grocery store where she worked. “I love my son, but I wish that I had not had to drop out of school before the end of my Junior year because I was pregnant. If I have to worry about finding money for one more bill, I will just scream.”*

Mom and I each were suffering through a low point in our life. I hated school and loved computers. Mom hated computers and loved (or romanticized about) school.

\*\*\*\*\*

At almost sixteen, I was rapidly reaching my physical and sexual maturity. I didn't understand girls. I worked out to keep myself in good shape. Otherwise, I spent as much time as I could on the school computers. Like most of my generation, I had grown up with computers. Unlike most, I liked the hardware part at least as much as the software.

\*\*\*\*\*

At almost thirty—two, she still possessed physically beauty that showed even through her tired and overworked face. She worked too hard at life to need to exercise to keep fit. It seemed her whole life was work, either at home or at the grocery store. There had not been time for any thoughts about men for years. She had not dated in more than ten years. Men did not want a ready—made family.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mom and I share the same birthday. I had been a sixteenth birthday present for her that she loved dearly, but wou

ld have probably been better off without.

Still, she worked hard to make me feel loved. My father had left town as soon as he found out that Mom was pregnant. She hadn't heard from him since. I don't think Mom had gone out on more than two dates since then.

It was a rare day off for Mom. She had bought a day old cake from the grocery store. The baker had added Happy Birthday Kevin and Kimberly. I was Kevin and Mom was Kimberly. Mom had put two candles on the cake. Mine was blue and hers pink.

For years we had celebrated our birthdays together. Mom and I would blow out the candles and then exchange gifts. I normally made her something cheap and cute, which she claimed to love and kept in plain sight for many months. She normally bought me some clothes that I didn't want but needed. Not the most exciting of presents, but we didn't have much money.

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“Make a wish, Honey and blow out your candle,” Mom said.

“You too, Mom.”

I formed a wish in my mind, *“I wish I was grown up, like Mom, so I could get a real job working with computers.”*

I then blew out the candle.

She formed a wish in her mind, *“I wish I was young again, like my son, so I could have fun and not have to work so hard.”*

She then blew out her candle.

The napkin slipped from the table as we both blew out our candles. We both bent forward suddenly to catch it. Our heads collided with enough force to make both of us see stars.

As my vision cleared, I was sure I was seeing things. There, holding his head, was I. I shook my head to try to clear it. I felt something brush on my shoulders and felt and heard something at my ears.

“What is going on?” I asked. I knew I had asked, but it wasn't my voice I had heard. It sounded different somehow; not wrong, just different.

As I watched, I or the vision of me, spoke. “You have my body.”

I looked down. As I did so, I was provided a mass of information, all at once. I noticed that protruding from *my* chest were two feminine looking breasts. I could see the

bulge of *my* breasts at the top of the low cut dress I was wearing. I could see *my* hair as it cascaded passed *my* bare shoulders and partially exposed breasts. I noticed that *my* finger nails were painted a shade of red that Mom normally wore. I noticed a Mother's ring on *my* finger. Also, a lady's watch on *my* wrist.

"I am a woman," I said in disbelief.

*"What happened?"*

"What happened?" Mom, in my body, asked.

"We changed bodies. Or our bodies changed minds."

"But how?" She/he asked.

"I don't know." I said before adding, "I can't go to school looking like this."

"No, but I can," he/she said. "Until we can change back, we need to try to live each other's lives."

"No more school. That is great!" I said, noticing my voice went even higher in pitch as I got excited.

"And you get to go to work, not me," he said. "This should be fun."

"I agree. This should be fun."

\*\*\*\*\*

The alarm woke me. I spit out a ball of hair that had somehow become trapped in my month. I wondered how or what it was as I sat up, feeling an odd tug on my chest. As I swung my legs over the side of the bed in the still dark room I noticed, "*I am in Mom's room. Why am I in her room?*"

Still being more asleep than awake, I managed to stumble into the bathroom. I reached down to open the fly of my jockey shorts when, instead of my jockey shorts and recently developed manhood, I touched a silky, smoothness that neither hid nor showed anything at the junction of my legs.

I jerked the panties down and felt for, but didn't find my manhood. Then I remembered. "*I'm Mom.*" I sat on the toilet in surprise.

"*I'm Mom.*" I thought again. As I did so, I felt the flow of pee as I relieved myself after a night's sleep.

I patted myself dry before pulling *my* panties back into place. I was surprised how good the tight panties felt. I put on a robe over the top of *my* night gown and went to what had been my room.

"Son," I said in a sweetly feminine voice. "You will be late for school. Time to get up."

*"Am I ever glad that I don't have to go to school today. I can use a break from the drag of school."*

Mom, in my body, was not getting up very fast. "Young man, if you don't get up right now, you are going to regret it." I scolded *my* son.

I smiled as my body sat up and the look of recognition slowly appeared on my face. *“Mom has figured it out. She isn't as slow as all that.”*

“Then it wasn't a dream. I really am a boy and in high—school.”

“Right. I am the mother and you are the son. Now get your fanny in gear and get ready for school. I don't have to leave for work for another three hours,” I said with a smile.

I watched my body begin the trek to school. I hoped he wouldn't find school too tough. Since I was up and awake, I decided to take a shower.

*“This may have been a mistake.”* I thought to myself as I washed *my* breasts. I could not remember ever having seen Mom without clothes. I didn't really notice when she wore her swimsuit or other skimpy clothes. After all, she was my mother.

Now I was noticing her/*my* body. I washed the massive mounds of flesh that hung from *my* chest. The large nipples were up turned and straining out from the rest of *my* body. Mom's body had a lot less body hair than my old body did, even more so as she shaved her legs and under her arms.

I ran my hand over the silky smoothness of *my* long leg. I stopped just short of the junction of my legs, before continuing up. I felt myself. I felt my finger slip into a fold of skin and I felt a jolt of pleasure. I couldn't help but wonder, *“I wonder what it would be like to have a man make love to me?”* I shook my head to keep that thought from my mind.

I decided to wear a skirt and blouse to work. Mom sometimes wore it to work.

At first, I tried the blouse on without a bra. *My* nipples were too obvious. I grabbed the first bra I found in the drawer and put it on. It felt a little weird, but then I hadn't worn a bra before.

I worked on *my* long hair. *“No wonder girls don't like long hair.”* I thought as I brushed *my* hair, tiring my arms as I did so.

I then noticed Mom's makeup. I had very little idea how to put it on. Still, I remembered that she always wore some. I used some mascara on my eye lashes and lipstick on my lips. I noticed eye shadow, so I used it on my eyes. I was beginning to enjoy this. I put on some blush and *powdered my nose* with facial powder.

The phone rang and I answered it, “hello.”

“Kimberly,” the voice on the other end said. “Alice needs to go home early today, can you come in early?”

I almost said, “my mom is not home,” before I remembered that I was my mom. Instead I said, “I guess so.”

“Great, Hon. I knew I could count on you. See you in ten minutes.” He hung up the phone.

*“Ten minutes. I've got to leave now.”*

It took me a couple of minutes to find *my* purse and put on *my* coat. I managed to walk the quarter mile to the store in the lowest set of heels I could find in Mom's closet. I arrived right at ten minutes after the phone call.

“Glad you could come in early, Kimberly. Wish you could have made it sooner,” Mr. Johnson, the store's Assistant Manager said.

I knew that Mom did not like him. “He is a sexist,” she had said on more than one occasion.

I had felt that she was handling him wrong. “I am sorry I took so long getting here,” I told him. “I don't have a car, and it takes so long for me to get ready.” I gave him a smile that I hoped looked like the one that Cindi Goodenough gave the guys when she wanted to get her way.

“Yeah. I guess it is okay,” he said, not really knowing what to do about my response. “You are on register number one.”

“Thanks for coming in, Kimberly.” I was told as I worked slowly to turn on the register. “I bet Mr. ‘Wait—Until—the—Last—Minute’ Johnson, just gave you a call, didn't he?”

I looked at the woman talking to *me*. Her name tag said, ‘Liz’. “*Must be Elizabeth Claybound, Mom's friend from work,*” I thought.

“I didn't have a lot of time, but I can always use the money.” I finally managed to get the ancient register to come to life.

“You have been practicing on *Ol'Betsy*, haven't you?”

“No. Why?” I asked.

“You normally take a lot longer to get it working. I bet Mr. Johnson assigns that one to you because he knows how much you hate computers.”

“Maybe.” I gave a noncommittal answer.

During the rest of my nine—hour shift, I was kept busy ringing up groceries. As the day progressed, I began to enjoy the simple chatter that the women carried on with me. Other than standing on my feet for the entire time, and not getting to take a lunch break, it wasn't a bad day.

\*\*\*\*\*

“How was school?” I asked as I flopped down on the couch.

“It was a blast. I didn't know that goofing off could be such fun. I really enjoyed gym class,” *he* said with a grin.

“Mom!” I said, shocked. “You didn't do anything strange in the showers, did you?”

“No. Boys don't interest this body of *mine*. However; the girls were doing gymnastics. I never knew that just seeing a pretty girl could be so, stimulating.” *He* smiled.

“Don't go getting too, STIMULATED,” I said. “That is *my* body you are using.”

“Not anymore it isn't,” he said. “How was work? Dull and a pain, no doubt.”

“Actually, no. It was almost fun. I enjoyed doing something for real, rather than just pretending. I think I was working on a high all day.”

“Well, *Mom*, how about dinner? I am starved.”

I fixed dinner. I wasn't very hungry so I just fixed some food for *my son*. I needed to try to remember that he was me and me was she. I was a little envious as I watched him put away the food as if there was no tomorrow. I didn't have much of an appetite.

\*\*\*\*\*

One day became a week. One week became a month. There was no indication of our changing back. It wasn't bad. True, I didn't like the way Mr. Johnson was treating me, but otherwise, I was still enjoying myself.

I made no effort to be nice to Mr. Johnson. Nor, did I try to be mean. When he called and needed me to come in early, I got there as quick as I could and always accepted his comment that I could have been quicker. I knew that he was waiting for me to get him. *Kill him with kindness*. That was what I planned to do to him.

“Kimberly,” Mr. Johnson said. “I need some help back here.”

It was our slow time, so I shut down my register and headed back to the store room with him.

“You called for me, Mr. Johnson?” I said as I entered the store room area.

“Yes, Kimberly. I want to go over the ordering information with you. Please have a seat.” He guided me toward the couch that was made available for employees during their breaks.

“I'd be glad to help, but I'm not sure how I can.” I was somewhat confused. I didn't remember Mother normally having anything to do with ordering.

Mr. Johnson sat down on the couch next to me. I was suddenly aware of his leg pressing against mine. I tried to pull my skirt down further on my legs, suddenly feeling very vulnerable.

He acted like he didn't notice as he placed the computer sheets on my lap and began to point at the figures.

I felt his arm brush against my breast. “*It was an accident.*” I told myself. His arm then brushed against my breast again. “*That was no accident.*” I thought. “*He is trying to put the make on ME.*” I was suddenly more than a little frightened.

He was talking to me, but his eyes dipped to my breasts. “*My God. He is thinking about having sex with ME.*” I was shocked that he would consider doing that.

I needed to escape. “I really don't understand any of this,” I suddenly said. “You know that I don't understand computers very well. Maybe someone else could *help* you.”

I stood and went into the restroom, locking the door behind me.

I heard him say, “damn tease. I’ll show her.”

I spent about fifteen minutes in the restroom before I was composed enough to return to my register.

“What did he want?” Liz asked me.

“I’d rather not talk about it,” I said, trying to concentrate on the groceries I was ringing up on the register.

When I took my lunch break, I went back to the restroom, locked myself in, and cried. I still felt cheap and used. I did feel a little better when I returned to my register with my mascara repaired.

I didn’t tell Kevin about what had happened to me. He could do nothing about it, anyway. Besides, he had problems of his own. He was going to a dance... with a girl.

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Kevin didn’t just survive the dance... he enjoyed it. I was not enjoying my life as much. Twice this week, Mr. Johnson brushed against me rubbing my breasts, as if by accident. I was sure it wasn’t an accident.

If that wasn’t bad enough, I was a bloated pig as I was suffering through my period. I felt like crying at the least little thing and had cramps in my stomach. If it wasn’t over soon, I wouldn’t be responsible for my actions.

I had it with Mr. Johnson. He patted my bottom at just the wrong time. I slapped his face. Hard enough to leave a red mark. “Don’t ever touch me again.” I had managed to say through clenched teeth.

“Whoa there, Kimberly,” he said rubbing his face. “I wasn’t doing anything like that. You are just imagining something that is not there.”

If I had been feeling better, I might have accepted his comment. However, I felt terrible, so... “Mr. Johnson, I have been putting up with your unsolicited and unwanted advances. I am not a play thing for you to enjoy whenever the urge strikes you. If you make one more unsolicited or unwanted advance to me, I shall report your sexual harassment to Mr. Roberts. Do I make myself clear?”

“You can’t threaten me, Girlie. You have got no proof. Everyone knows that a woman needs a man and you have been without one far too long. If you state your claims to Mr. Roberts, he will just assume that they are fabricated by a sex starved feminine mind.” He then turned and left.

I was confused. *“I was in the right. It is my body and I have rights. He is abusing his position and making unwarranted advances toward me. Mr. Roberts would believe that. He had to believe that. He just had to.”* Tears began to flow from my eyes. I needed this job.

The next day Mr. Roberts, the Store Manager, came by my register. “Kimberly. Mr. Johnson has recommended you as a Senior clerk at the new store being opened in

town. He spoke very highly of your knowledge of computers. This job involves a promotion and a raise. It is across town. Do you want to take the job?"

*"The bastard. He wants to get rid of me by offering me a job that he thinks I can't handle. He thinks I will either turn down the job, in which case he will appear to be trying to help me, or that I will accept and fail. Well, I'll show him."* I thought.

"I would like the job. I am not sure how good I'll be, but if Mr. Johnson thinks I can handle the job, then I am sure I will be able to," I told Mr. Roberts. "When do I start?"

"I am glad you accepted Kimberly. I am sure you will do well. I am well aware of your great skill with computers," he said, showing his lack of knowledge. "You will start on Monday." He obviously had no idea how good with computers Mom had been.

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"Don't wait up, Mom," Kevin said as he headed out of our small apartment. "I have a date tonight."

"Before you go, I think that we need to have a talk."

"I know all about the birds and the bees, remember?"

"I remember a story of a young lady who got pregnant on her first try and hasn't done anything since then. Today, more so than then, there are hazards that teen—agers often over look. You don't need to hurry, but you DO need to use protection. Think with your brains, not your groin. Consider your date as well," I said, sounding more and more like a mother.

"I will be careful, I promise, Mom. Honest."

"Have fun. But not too much fun."

*"He sure adjusted to his new body quickly. I'm glad that I don't have to worry about my hormones running away with my common sense."* I thought as I watched my son head out for his date. *"Please be careful."* I added as a mother's prayer.

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"Good morning. I am Kimberly Jennings and I start working here today. Is Mr. Newton around?"

The bored clerk pointed toward the office area. "He is in there trying to figure out why the computer registers are not working. We're due to open in three days and no one knows how to make the registers work."

"Thanks," I replied.

I knocked on the door and entered when I heard a "come in" from inside.

“May I help you, Miss?” I was asked by a man, in his late middle ages, who was pouring over the manual for the new registers.

“I am Ms. Jennings... Ms. Kimberly Jennings. I am one of your Senior clerks.”

“Another Senior clerk. I don't need any more senior clerks. I need programmers who can figure out the system. I don't suppose you know much about computers, do you Mrs. Jennings?”

“Not much, but if you wish, I'll try to help with the problem. What exactly is the problem?”

“The individual registers can't get the price information. No one has been able to make it work. You might as well try your luck. The local representative from the company who put these things in is stumped. They promised to send in a factory representative, but he can't be here before next week. We are supposed to open Saturday.”

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*“This skirt is not made for this type of work.”* I thought as I crawled under the register, trying to keep my dignity and yet still see if I could find out what was wrong.

I had read the manual and it didn't cover this type of problem with any more information than “call your local service representative”.

*“You used to like to think you were a hot shot computer hacker. Let's see if you can remember anything.”* I thought as I crawled around on the floor.

*“What is this?”* I thought to myself, noticing a wire with an odd bend in it. *“If that wire is broken and this is the first unit in line after the main CPU, then maybe...?”*

It didn't take me long to replace that wire with one from the machine furthest from the CPU. *“Five registers are better than none.”* I thought as I dusted myself off. *“Now let's see. What do I do to...”*

*“Mrs. Jennings. I didn't know you were still here,”* Mr. Newton said.

*“EEK!”* I let out a little scream, jumping to my feet. *He had surprised me.*

*“I didn't hear you, Mr. Newton. Please forgive me,”* I said tugging my skirt lower on my upper thigh. *It had climbed up there as I was crawling under the register.*

*“What, if I may ask, are you doing down there?”* Mr. Newton asked trying to be a gentleman and ignore my exposed thigh.

*I stood up and smoothed my skirt down.*

*“I found that an interface cable between register number one and the main CPU was damaged. It was not allowing the handshake connection during price checks to be made. But, it was allowing the hand shake during diagnostic checks. So, I replaced it and was trying to make the connection between register five and six such that the CPU did not try to communicate with register six. I also found that the laser bar code reader*

*on register three was operating at less than half power. It was misreading every third or fourth item. I think I know how to fix that problem."*

*"Does that mean that you have the registers working?" He asked with more than a hint of hope in his voice.*

*"Not completely. There is a software interface problem between the CPU and the registers, or within the CPU. The automatic inventory control program is not getting the information on items sold. I'm not quite sure how to address that problem. It is either a coding problem or just a bad copy of the program."*

*"Did you understand that book?" He said pointing to the manual.*

*"Not all of it."*

*"But you still figured out how to make the registers ring up prices?"*

*"Yes. All but number six will ring up prices."*

*"Do you know how they are to work?"*

*"I think so."*

*"Good. Tomorrow you are to start teaching the clerks. You are now the Assistant Manager in charge of training and computers. For now, you had best head for home. I'll walk you to your car. It's dark outside."*

*"I don't have a car. I take the bus."*

*"Then I will give you a ride home."*

*I didn't feel very comfort during the ride home. The memory of Mr. Johnson's actions were still too fresh in my mind.*

*Still, Mr. Newton kept up the conversation talking about his wife and family. He had two daughters. The eldest was in her late thirties and had two lovely daughters. The youngest was in her early thirties and had a young child, barely three.*

*"Thanks for the ride home, Mr. Newton. I will see you tomorrow morning."*

*"How did it go, Mom?" Kevin asked as I entered the apartment.*

*"It went great. I had a chance to work with the computerized register system. They have a really neat system but they couldn't make it work. I spent the entire day playing with the system." I was happy.*

*"Looks like you spent a lot of time on your back," Kevin said pointing at the dirt stain on the back of my blouse.*

*"No wonder you had such a good time. And at your age, Mom."*

*"It is not what you are thinking, young man. I am not some tipsy teeny bopper. I am glad that my hormones are not running my life."*

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“Ms. Jennings. This is Mr. Werre. He is the factory representative. He is here to help you get the inventory system working,” Mr. Newton said to me. I had just finished teaching Ashley how to work the computerized registers.

“Mr. Werre. This is Ms. Jennings. She is handling the computer interface and training for me. I'll leave the two of you to see what you can come up with.”

With that, Mr. Newton left the two of us alone. “*I wish I had not worn this blouse today.*” I thought, becoming aware of his glance at my low cut and translucent blouse.

“*He is well built, isn't he?*” I added.

To get his mind off my chest, *and my mind off of his body*, I offered him my hand and said, “please call me Kimberly. I have not been able to isolate the problem with the inventory program. For some reason the data from the individual registers is not reaching the inventory program. Do you have any ideas?”

“It might be a hardware interface problem?” He offered. “Call me Justin.”

“No. We are getting the data to the main CPU data base to get price information. Quantity data is the least reliable. Only about half of the data gets through. Most of the time that it makes it through, it comes across as a single item... no matter how many were bought.”

“If the interface board at the main CPU is bad, then that might happen.”

“I didn't know that, but I replaced the main CPU interface board with two new boards and the same problem exists,” I explained. “I also...” And so it went for the rest of the afternoon.

Justin and I worked late that night to try to figure out why the system wasn't working. I called Kevin to tell him I would be late.

“Say that again, Kimberly,” Justin suddenly said.

“It is almost as if the program was not awake.” I repeated my comment.

“That's it. I bet that they failed to initialize the registers to this version of the inventory software. If you are using different versions of the price software than the inventory software...” he stopped talking as he typed something in on the small portable unit he had plugged into the machine.

“Yes. See here—— the software is not compatible and the interface program is the wrong version. I'll have new software sent out in the morning and we should have you up and running by the weekend.”

“Mr. Newton will be so happy. I think he is about to worry himself sick.”

“How about if I buy you dinner? It is late and I am hungry.”

“I really shouldn't.”

“Please. I don't like to eat alone. Besides, it is all on the expense account.”

“Okay. But give me a couple of minutes to clean up. I must look a mess.”

"I don't think you look a mess at all." His tone, that of a hungry man, a man hungry for a woman, sent a shiver up my spine.

*"He wants more than just light conversation."* I thought. *"You had better run for it, girl."*

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"The moon is beautiful, isn't it?" Justin asked as we walked along the deserted river walk.

"Yes, it is." I almost purred. I was full from the meal and was enjoying myself.

"Let's sit for a moment," he suggested, as we came upon a bench.

We sat. I was aware of him being next to me. His leg barely touching mine, yet the warmth of that contact was almost too much.

Justin turned to me. "Kimberly. You are someone special. I expected you were just the Assistant Manager because you were a beautiful woman. Having worked with you all day I found that you are more, much more. You are smart, witting, charming, and quickly grasp ideas that others never seem to get." He was holding my hand.

He moved slowly toward me. I moved my mouth to meet his. As our lips touched, sparks flew. The gentleness of the kiss was replaced by a sense of desire that I had never felt before.

His hand was inside my blouse, gently stroking my breast. A moan of desire escaped between our lips. If we didn't stop soon, we would be unable to. My hand was inside his shirt. My fingers were entangled in the mat of hair upon his chest.

My body had been too long denied the joys of sex. Once its fires were lit, it was not going to stop. At least not without being satisfied, first.

I held his head against my bared breast as his tongue played with the nipple on my breast. I could feel the moisture of desire begin to drip onto my panties.

I tried to reach down his body to touch his enlarge manhood. His tip was moist with anticipation. Somehow, I managed to get his pants lowered as he lowered my panties.

I slid onto his lap, my hands guiding his manhood into me. I eased myself down onto his enlarged penis, feeling the thrill and pleasure as he slid into me.

He suddenly thrust up with his need.

A cry of wanton desire escaped me. My legs were wrapped around him as he drove his penis up, time and time again, to drive it deeper and deeper into me. My breath was coming in fast short gasps of pleasure. I felt his release, the fluid being driven deeper into me.

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It was morning. I had not gone home last night. Instead, I joined Justin in his hotel room.

We had, with less raw lust but with no less desire, made love two more times last night. We stopped only because Justin could not be coaxed to arousal more than three times.

“Woman, you are incredible,” he said, gasping for breath. “If you aren't careful, I won't live until morning.”

He lived. I woke him as he once more became aroused, and for the fourth time we made love.

“How can you want so much sex?” He asked.

As I tried for a fifth time, I gave him a secret smile and said, “Hormones.”

Happy Birthday.

## ***Change for the Better***

***By Gerri Becken***

*“She will be here soon.” I told the group of friends that had gathered at my apartment to wish me a happy birthday.*

*“If she isn't here soon, the cake will go bad,” Sally Sue said. Sally Sue didn't like Debbie Lynn and was not shy about saying so.*

*“We have got to go soon, too,” George said as he and his girlfriend, Linda, joined the conversation. “We have got to get to Linda's parent's house for their anniversary dinner. It starts at five and it is a two hour drive.”*

*“Okay everyone. I guess we can't wait any later. Light the candles.”*

*Everyone consisted of four couples and my roommate, Joseph. Debbie Lynn was supposed to be here, as well. After all, she is my girlfriend.*

*The phone rang. I got it on the second ring.*

*“Hello,” I said into the phone.*

*“Dennis.” I heard Debbie Lynn's voice on the other end of the line.*

*“Hi Babe. You're late. What happened?”*

*“Dennis, I decided that we just aren't going where we should be. I met Ralph and he is perfect for me. We are going to leave, right now. We're going to travel the country together. You understand, don't you?”*

*“No problem, Babe.” I lied. “I understand.”*

*“Would you do me a favor for old time sake?” She asked and then assuming my positive response, she continued, “could you come over and pack up my stuff I left and put it in storage? That and get my phone, power, and utilities turned off? You are a doll. I just knew you would understand. Bye, Ralph is in a hurry.”*

*That was the problem. I didn't understand. “What is she thinking?” I wondered to myself, still holding the now dead phone. Debbie Lynn had always been so conservative in her thinking and actions. She had done nothing on the spur of the moment since I had known her.*

*All of a sudden, she drops all of our plans, runs out on her small business, and leaves town. “What is she thinking?”*

“Was that Debbie Lynn?” Joseph asked as I hung up the phone.

“Yeah, it was. She isn't coming.”

“Well then, we had better get into the other room before the candles set the apartment on fire.”

I thought he was joking as he was nearly a year my senior. I didn't feel in a joking mood.

*“I wish I knew what she was thinking about?”* I thought as Joseph guided me into the other room. I remembered my last two girlfriends... no last three, now. All had dumped me without my having the slightest idea that it was coming.

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Happy Birthday to you.

Happy birthday to you.

Happy birthday dear Dennis,

Happy birthday to you.

The others sang the song as I entered the room. I tried to put a smile on my face as the others sang.

“Make a wish and blow out the candles,” Sally Sue said.

*“I wish I understood how the female mind worked.”* I thought, more from self pity than a desire for it to be true. I blew out the candles. All twenty—three candles went out in one try.

“I am sorry guys,” I said, not really sounding like myself. “The phone call was from Debbie Lynn. She dumped me,” I admitted. “I am not in much of a partying mood. I think I will go lay down.” I didn't feel well, like I had been kicked in the stomach. “Have some cake and ice cream,” I added as I left the room.

The sound of the whispers followed me out of the living room and into my bedroom. I shut the door to block out the voices of my friends. I kicked off my shoes and removed my pants and shirt before climbing into bed. I was wearing only my boxer shorts. I really didn't feel well. I felt all out of sorts.

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After everyone left and he had cleaned up some, Joseph went to see how I was doing. He knocked on the door, but I didn't answer. He opened the door just a little to see if I was okay.

In the half light streaming into the room, Joseph looked down at me. I had tossed off the sheets and was tossing and turning, as if having some sort of nightmare.

Joseph stepped into the room to wake me. As he neared the bed, he turned on the light. In the better light he looked at me, his friend. “*Something is not right.*” He thought examining me closer.

I was not a large man, smaller than Joseph's six foot, two inch height. Still, I was not that far under six feet. I had joked about my body hair on more than one occasion, saying, “if I had a banana, I could pass as an ape.” That was no longer the case.

My bed was covered with most of my body hair. Other than the hair on my head, and a barely noticeable amount of hair on my arms, I seemed to be hairless. My thick beard was gone, leaving behind a smooth face.

Joseph marveled at how young I looked without my beard. “*He looks like a young boy, or even a young girl with that smooth face.*”

“Wait a minute,” Joseph said out loud. “Dennis has a much more rugged face. What is happening here?”

Joseph watched as I continued to toss and turn. As he watched, I seemed to get smaller. Not just shorter, but thinner, as well. Joseph was sure that my shoulders were shrinking.

Joseph then noticed that my normally short hair had grown longer. It was now piled about my head in an ever growing pile. “*It must be at least eighteen inches long!*” Joseph concluded in surprise.

That was not all that was growing. Joseph's eyes shifted down to my chest. My strong broad chest had shrunk to about half it's previous size.

As he watched, my nipples began to spread outward, growing from the size of dimes to the size of half dollars and then larger. Somewhere around the size of a quarter, the breast began to grow as well, slowing swelling in size until they were as large as large apples.

“He is becoming a woman.” Joseph stated the obvious.

Joseph felt a little like a voyeur as he looked at the junction of my legs. The boxer shorts I was wearing fit poorly. There was no evidence of the mound of manhood that should have been there.

Curiosity got the best of him. Joseph lifted the now, very loose fitting waist band, and peeked inside. He saw a small patch of fur that could not hide the manhood I had been so proud of; could not and did not, as it was no longer there.

“Shit!” Joseph dropped his own hand to his groin for a reassuring feel of his own manhood. He seemed unchanged, even if I was now a totally different person. He could not fail to notice how pretty and feminine I had become.

Nearly an hour had past between when Joseph had entered my room and when he no longer noticed changes in me. I was no longer tossing and turning.

Joseph was torn. Should he wake me and tell me about the change? Should he leave me here? If he did, should he stay or leave? Should he move me? All my hair and body sweat would make the bed uncomfortable.

Before Joseph could make up his mind, the problem was solved. I woke up.

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I no longer felt like I was about to die. However, my bed felt wet and I felt myself being pricked in at least a dozen different spots. I turned a little to see if it helped. It didn't. I felt at least three new pricks for each one that I had managed to avoid.

I felt a heaviness pulling on my chest that didn't feel right.

I sat up, feeling the heaviness increase. I opened my eyes and noticed that Joseph was standing beside my bed. He looked like he had just lost his best friend. "What is wrong..." I started to ask.

Wait a minute. This isn't my voice.

"What the hell happened to my voice?" I demanded of Joseph.

"You have changed," he said, looking scared. It took a lot to scare Joseph.

"What do you mean I've changed?"

Instead of answering, he pointed toward my chest.

I looked where he had pointed. I noticed the two mounds of flesh that now protruded from my chest as I felt the movement of something across my back.

"What the hell happened to my body?"

"You have become a girl," Joseph said.

"It can't be. I'm a guy."

It not only could have happened, but it did. I showered off the hair that was stuck to my body and washed my hair.

Everything felt wrong.

My breasts got in the way. I was noticing my hair as it cascaded down my back. Everything had gotten taller as I had shrunk.

In the privacy of my shower, I examined myself in some detail. I had enough experience with sex to know that I appeared to be a fully functional woman. It felt odd as I slipped my finger into the cavity that made me a woman. Very pleasant, as well as VERY odd.

My breasts responded to my touch. The nipples got hard and began to poke out as I played with them. I felt a sense of warmth spread as I did so. I suspected that my body would enjoy sex, even if I wouldn't or couldn't... could I?

I was nearly a prune when I stepped out of the shower and dried off. I wrapped the towel around my waist before changing my mind and trying to wrap it around my body just over my breasts.

Joseph had stripped the sheets from my bed while I was in the shower. As I had only one set of sheets, I would need to wash them before I could sleep on them again.

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I was more accepting of the change in me than Joseph.

We were in my bedroom. Joseph was sitting on my bed and I was standing. The towel was still wrapped around my body.

“How did it happen? Why did it happen?” He wanted to know.

“Joseph,” I said, my voice sounding more like honey than my bear sounding bass had a few short hours ago.

“I am more concerned about how I am going to live. We see that I have changed, but my clothes haven't. I can't go through life wearing a towel.”

“Where are we going to get you clothes?”

“I bet that Debbie Lynn left some behind when she left. I look to be about her size, only a little taller.”

I had measured myself using a metal tape measure. It was cold and not really accurate. Still, it gave me some idea of my new size.

I now was about five foot nine inches tall. My breasts were three inches fuller than my thirty—three—inch chest. My hips were eleven inches fuller than my twenty—nine—inch waist line. My legs seemed to be as long as they had been before, despite of my having lost almost three inches in height.

“You can't wear a towel to her house. How are we going to get in?”

“I have a key. I'm sure I can find something around here to wear to get to her apartment. Once there, we'll get me a couple of outfits to wear. I'm sure that Debbie Lynn won't mind.”

“Are you sure, Dennis?”

“She can just consider it my pay for taking care of her apartment,” I said. “Besides, she won't need them while traveling around the country.”

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I dressed in a pair of sweat pants and a sweat shirt that were only a couple of sizes too big. Both had been a little small before. The fabric of the sweat shirt rubbed my nipples, raising them to a semi—aroused state.

Once I was dressed, we left for Debbie Lynn's apartment.

“How does it feel, Dennis?” Justin asked as he drove across town.

“How does what feel?”

“Being a girl. How does it feel to be a girl?”

“You know that is the odd part. It really doesn't feel much different. I am almost used to the hair and being a little shorter. These,” I said, touching my breasts, “will take a little more getting used to.”

“Do you miss, uh,” Joseph stumbled over the word, “you know, it?”

It took a moment for me to figure out what he was asking. “Oh, that,” I said figuring out what he was getting at. “I really don't notice it being gone. It was easier to go to the bathroom, before. I haven't considered how I am going to go about dating girls without it. I wonder if I'm still interested in girls?” I asked myself out loud. “I wonder if I will respond to guys?”

“You are interested in guys?” Justin asked, sliding away from me.

“I don't know. I haven't thought about either guys or girls.”

“Do you recall how much of one's sexual interest is controlled by my hormones and how much by the mind?” Not waiting for an answer, I continued to talk. “You can bet I will respond more like a woman than a man. No more hard—ons.”

“*No more hard—ons!*” I repeated the statement in my mind. I was not sure if I minded. I guess it sort of matter if I wanted to date women. Unless of course, I was going to be a lesbian. I had been brought up with a strong heterosexual standard.

“*What is heterosexual for me, now?*” I continued to wonder. I still thought (or at least I thought I still thought) like a guy, even if I was now wrapped in the body of a woman.

Joseph noticed my silence and asked, “what's wrong, Dennis?”

“I just had a terrible thought. Whom do I date and not be a homosexual?”

“You date...” Justin started to say and then stopped talking.

“I see what you mean,” he finally said. “If you date women like your mind wants to, then you are seen as a lesbian. If you date guys like your body might want, then you think you are queer.”

“I really don't want to be a monk, or a nun, or whatever. This is so strange.”

Further conversation was stopped as Joseph pulled into the parking lot at Debbie Lynn's apartment.

As we walked toward her apartment, Joseph held doors open for me. I didn't make an issue out of it. He had gone through enough. Besides, I sort of liked him doing it.

Debbie Lynn's apartment was located on the third floor of the apartment complex. It was a very nice one bedroom apartment consisting of one large bedroom, a living room/dining room combination, a small but efficient kitchen, and a modern bathroom. Debbie Lynn had decorated her apartment with her style. She had a few expensive items of furnishings. Nothing was cheap.

I left Joseph in the living room. I went into the bedroom to find some clothes to wear. Panties and bra proved to be easy to find in my (new) size. I tried to find a pair of pants that fit. While finding pants that fit around my trim waist and wide hips proved easy, none fit my long legs.

Debbie Lynn had been short of leg and long of body. Likewise, none of her long sleeved shirts or coats would fit me, either. My arm stuck out too far beyond the end of the sleeves.

I finally selected a skirt and a short sleeve blouse. I didn't like the low cut neck line, but she didn't have any with higher neck lines. I topped off the outfit with a pair of sandals that didn't look too small nor feel too uncomfortable, in spite of their tall, one inch heels.

“What do you think?” I asked Joseph as I entered the room and did a slow turn.

He stumbled on his answer. Joseph was my best friend. “Dennis,” he finally said. “I think you look great. Are you sure you want to look so, uh... so feminine?”

I sat next to him on the couch and took his hand. His large masculine hand made mine look even more tiny and feminine than it was.

“Joseph. I don't like that I became a woman. I am not trying to be feminine or beautiful. Debbie Lynn didn't have a lot I could wear. This is about the most unfeminine outfit I could find. I will need your help to overcome this problem.”

Without really knowing it, I was vamping Joseph, and he was falling for it. “I am your friend, Dennis. I will do what I can to help you.”

“I think I will stay here, tonight. It would look better than spending the night with you.” I quickly added, “in your apartment.”

“I guess you're right.”

“Maybe you can stop by tomorrow and we can figure out what we can do about me.”

“I'll stop by right after work,” he promised.

“Please tell my boss that I will not be in tomorrow. Tell him I'm not feeling like myself,” I asked Justin as he prepared to leave.

“That, Dennis, is an understatement.” He laughed. It was the first since I had waken up as a woman.

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After Joseph left, I sat down and thought. *“What am I to do? I am trapped in the body of a woman. There is no way for me to pretend to be my old self. How can I live as a woman? I don't know the first thing about being a woman.”*

I felt a strong urge to cry. I fought it down, wiping a bit of moisture from my eyes.

*“If you fall apart, Ol'Boy, you are going to lose it. You need to think this thing through. There has got to be a way out of this mess.”*

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It was nearly dawn when I laid down for a bit of sleep, waking about noon.

Once I was up, I began to pack up Debbie Lynn's stuff. After starting, I had an idea. Why don't I just move in and take over her lease? I could keep the things I needed of hers, and bring over my stuff that I wanted.

The idea had merits. It also solved a problem of mine... where to live. I knew that Joseph didn't feel comfortable around me. I guessed it was because he was a little afraid what had happened to me would happen to him.

Debbie Lynn ran a little gift shops in Uptown Plaza. She rented the space and was her only employee. I figured she had not considered what to do about her shop, any more than she had her apartment.

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By the time Joseph reached the apartment, I had developed a bit of a plan.

I offered to explain it to him  
over dinner.

“You want to go out like that?”  
He asked.

“Why not?”

“You look like a woman!”

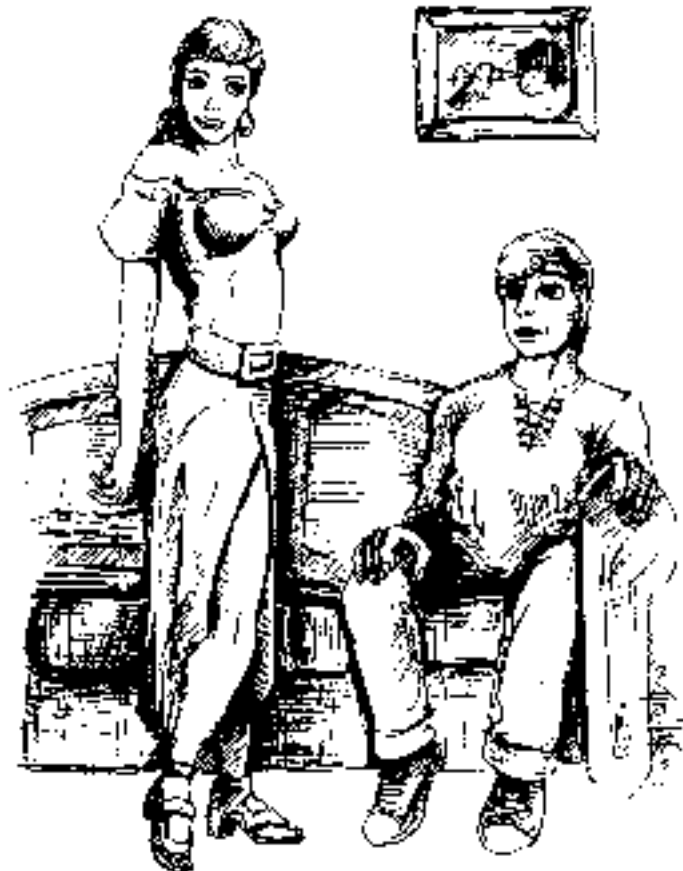
“Joseph. For now, I *am* a woman. This is the way I look. I would gladly change that if I could. But for now, I can't. I can either hide from the world or live with the body I now have. I have never liked running from anything, you know that.”

“I know that Dennis. It's just... well, you have changed so much.”

“I have only changed outside. Inside, I am the same person,” I assured him. “That will never change.”

“Just see that you don't change, all right.”

“I promise. Girl Scouts honor,” I added with a smile.



Joseph looked worried.

“Just kidding, Joseph. Don't worry,” I said, placing my hand lightly upon his arm.

Joseph drove to a neighborhood restaurant, one where we had taken dates a couple times.

As I looked over the menu, it suddenly dawned on me. “I haven't eaten in more than twenty—four hours, and I am not really hungry,” I told Joseph.

“You sure?”

“I know that the old Dennis could not go more than eight hours without a big meal. The new Dennis can go over twenty—four hours and not really be hungry,” I explained. “I think I will have the petite Prime Rib.”

My small dinner, barely enough to be considered an appetizer the last time I was here, more than filled me up. I couldn't finish my baked potato. “I'll eat it tomorrow for dinner,” I told the waiter.

“Very good, Ma'am.”

I now faced a dilemma. I really, really had to go to the bathroom. I didn't think I could wait until we returned to the apartment. Could I face the lady's room on my own?

I finally convinced myself. “*You can do it. Remember, you are now a woman. It is natural for you to use the lady's room,*” I tried to convince myself as I made the infinitely long trek across the restaurant.

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Once inside, I was filled with an urge to run. If it had been crowded, I might have run. Luckily, we had arrived at the restaurant early enough that it was not crowded.

There was a sense of thrill and accomplishment as I left the stall and went to the mirror to check my hair. Before I could get out of the restaurant, a woman came in with a baby.

“Would you please watch my baby for a moment?” She asked, her legs almost crossed with need.

“I would love to,” I said, accepting the small child.

I cooed and rocked the baby while her mother relieved herself.

“Thank you very much. His father knows nothing about babies. I can't leave him with his father,” she explained accepting her child back.

“Do you have any children?”

“No,” I replied. “Not yet.”

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During dinner I had explained my plan to Joseph. He helped me refine some points I had overlooked. Most important, he suggested that I change my name. "You don't look like a Dennis, anymore."

Thus, I became my own twin sister, Denise.

The next week proved to be a very busy one. I had to learn how to run Debbie Lynn's gift shop. I needed to get some sort of identification. I had to contact Debbie Lynn's Landlord, the phone company, the power company, the cable company, and file a change of address for Dennis' mail.

The story we had come up with was that Debbie Lynn had run off with a biker named Ralph. Dennis needed some time to find himself, so he would not be around for a while. Denise had come to help her brother and run the gift shop until Debbie Lynn returned.

Everything would work out really simple. "*What could go wrong?*" I thought about our perfect plans.

At first things went well enough. I was able to get with the Landlord and the utilities. Everything would be fine as long as I continued to pay the bills. The renting market was a little slow, so there wasn't even an increase in the rent.

Joseph came through with a copy of my (Denise's) birth certificate that I was able to use to get a driver's license and other identification.

"How did you do it?"

He smiled and said, "photo copy and white out."

"Joseph, you are such a dear," I said to him. "I cannot think of a better friend." I put my hand on his arm. I didn't notice the worried look on his face.

From the first, I had the most trouble with the gift shop. I had not been much involved with the running of a small business before. I overlooked several important actions during the first couple of weeks. These actions that caused my inventory to drop too low and a couple of suppliers refused to do business with me when I didn't treat them 'right'.

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"Joseph," I said with tears in my eyes and on my voice. "I am a failure."

"There, there, Denise." He put his arm around my shoulders, comforting me. "It can't be that bad, can it?"

"It is. I just heard that another supplier has dropped me. That makes five out of nine. I cannot continue to operate the shop without supplies. Even those who are staying with me, will be late shipping. I have a shop but nothing to sell." I was crying.

“That is not the guy I used to know,” Joseph stated.

“I am not the guy you used to know,” I cried. “I am a fucking woman!” I felt horrible about shouting at him.

Even as the words came out of my mouth, I regretted them. I was not doing a good job of coping with my first case of P.M.S.

“Forgive me, Joseph. I shouldn't take things out on you. It is just, well, I am not feeling well. You understand?”

Justin shook his head “yes” as his eyes said “no”.

“You're right about one thing. Dennis was never a quitter and Denise will not be one, either. I will just have to find a way to make things work. It will be my way, not Debbie Lynn's. I need to be my own woman, I guess.” I gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. “Thank you for being so understanding.”

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“Oh, Joseph.” My voice was filled with excitement. “I just had some really great news. I got the lease on the bigger store. Isn't that great?”

“It sure is Denise. How about going out to celebrate?”

“Sure.”

“Great. It's a date,” he said. “I will pick you up tonight, about eight, all right?”

“I'll be waiting.”

After Joseph had hung up the phone, I got to thinking.

*“Joseph asked me out to dinner. That is like a date. He has been treating me like an item for the last six months, ever since I blew up at him. What is up?”*

I didn't have long to wait to figure out what was up.

When Joseph arrived, he was not in any hurry to go. “Denise. I need to talk to you,” Joseph said.

“Uh—oh.” I thought. “*Something is wrong.*”

“What's wrong, Joseph?”

“Nothing is wrong; not now,” he replied. “I have done some soul searching and have reached a conclusion.” He paused.

“And?” I asked.

“And, I don't think we can continue our relationship as we have been.”

*“Is this a brush off? If so, it is the nicest brush off I have ever had.”* I thought.

“And?” I asked, fearing the answer.

Joseph didn't voice his answer. Instead, his lips met mine.

At first, I tried to fight him off. *“This cannot be right. Joseph is my best friend. Guys do not do this to each other.”*

I felt his hand upon my breast as it slid up under my blouse. I felt the warmth of his touch.

*“This cannot be right. Joseph is my best friend. I should not feel this way about his touch.”* I thought as my struggles became less.

I felt wetness beginning to form at the junction of my legs.

*“This cannot be right. Joseph is my best friend. I should not be feeling this excited.”* I thought as my arms encircled his neck, holding him tighter to me.

As his tongue found mine, I no longer cared if it should be right or not. I knew it was right. Anything that felt this good had to be right.

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Come morning, Denise was now *all* woman and she was glad to be all woman. Everything she had gone through had turned out to be a Change for the Better.

Happy Birthday.

# INVISIBLE MAN

*By Gerri Becken*

*I had grown up in this city. Like many large communities, this one was easy to get lost in, lost amongst the crowd of people.*

*As a youth, I had managed to avoid crowds and avoided becoming known. Therefore, avoiding the pain. Now I was nearly an invisible man, seen but not noticed by others.*

*I no longer wished to be invisible. I wanted to make friends. I just didn't know how. When I decided to try to get noticed, I did. It just wasn't how I wanted to be noticed*

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*I had been chased home for the second time this week, and it was only Wednesday. "I can't continue like this." I thought to myself. "I need to make friends and fit in somehow. I have got to figure some way to fit in."*

I stood just inside the door to our home. My back was against the door. I was still panting from being chased. Mother had problems of her own and I didn't wish to bother her with mine. Besides, as a high school Senior, I was too old to go running to Mother every time some little thing went wrong... it just wasn't very manly.

Having caught my breath, I went to my room and tossed my books onto my bed. The "space man" motif of my younger days was slowly being replaced by more neutral colors and patterns of an adult male. I still had my large scale model of the Space Shuttle and a couple of smaller space ships and a map of the solar system.

My bookcase was filled with books. Some older ones were from my grandmother (Red Cross Girls), my father (Tom Swift Junior), and mother (Nancy Drew). The newer ones were the newer Hardy Boys.

I fed my fish and did my home work. It wasn't that I was a book worm or nerd. Like most, Mother insisted that my homework was done before I was allowed to watch television. Star Trek, Next Generation came on at five every evening. My favorite characters were Commander Richard and Deanna Troy. I wished I could be like `Number

one' as the captain called him. I thought Deanna Troy was a hot babe... for an older woman.

Thinking of hot babes got me thinking of the girls in school. Even the Freshmen girls didn't notice me. Looking at my reflection in the mirror, I knew I was a long way from being a jock. Still, I didn't think I was that bad looking. I was about average in height and build. My face was fairly free of zits and not unpleasant to look at. "*Why don't girls notice me?*" I wondered, doing some strong man poses.

I heard Mother come home. "Don. Are you home?"

"Just finishing my home work, Mom," I said, getting back to my books.

I didn't have much home work to do, so I finished well before Star Trek, Next Generation came on.

Mother did not really like me to watch television during dinner, but she was willing to let me watch Star Trek. I think she liked the show, as well.

After dinner, I retired to my room and read a little bit from some of my Star Trek novels. It was a favorite of mine.

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The next day at school, I ran a foul Bob Stamp and his gang. Bob was a Senior. His large size earned him high honors in most sports.

I didn't know what I had done to him that made him dislike me. He wasn't in the mood to explain, either.

My first hint of trouble was when one of his gang just walked into me. I was standing at my locker, taking up less room than the open door.

My locker door suddenly exploded against my arm.

I saw that Tom Jones had walked into my locker door. "What is the idea, Jerk?" He demanded.

I tried to ignore him. I knew from past experiences that talking to him would not work.

"Ignoring me, Jerk. Think you are too good for me, do you?" He slammed my locker door shut. I barely managed to get my arm out of the way.

I tried to ignore him while trying to figure if I could do without my book for English Lit.

"I'm speaking to you, Jerk." He grabbed my collar. "Why did you slam your locker door in my face?"

"I didn't," I protested. "*Besides, if I had, it would have improved your looks.*" I thought, but did not say.

"You calling me a liar, Jerk?"

Before I could answer he said to the others, “the Jerk is calling me a liar. Are we going to let him get away with that?”

I knew that they weren't going to let me get away with the presumed affront to Tom.

“I am not calling you a liar, Tom. I just think you are mistaken.”

“It sounds like you are calling me a liar, Jerk. I think you should show me a little more respect, Jerk.”

I knew that running was out of the question. I was stuck. “Honest, Tom. I did not slam my locker door in your face. I do apologize if my locker door got in your way.” I hoped it would appease him.

He was not willing to be appeased. “You saying that I can't watch where I am going, Jerk?”

By now we were beginning to gather a small crowd.

The crowd drew the attention of Mr. Wilson, the Assistant Principal.

“What is going on here?” He asked coming up behind the crowd.

“He slammed his door into Tom's face,” a voice from the crowd said.

“Is that true, Don?” Mr. Wilson asked me.

“I didn't slam the door in his face, Mr. Wilson. I may have opened it a little too quickly, but I didn't try to slam it in anyone's face.”

In spite of my protest to the contrary, the crowd was all supporting Tom's story. One of which, grew with each retelling.

“I am disappointed in you, Don,” Mr. Wilson said to me. “Come on to the office and maybe you can explain to me why this happened.”

With the acceptance of a condemned man, I followed Mr. Wilson to his office. Once there, he sat behind his large desk while I stood in front of his desk. He let me stand for several minutes in silence before he spoke to me.

“Now Don, why did you try to start a fight with Tom. I know he may not be the best boy in school, but still, I had thought better of you.”

“But I didn't...”

“Don, are you saying that everyone else is lying? Come on now, you don't expect me to believe that, do you?”

“But, Mr. Wilson. It is the truth!” I defended my honor.

“I guess you will have a week in detention to think about what you did. Maybe in the future you won't get into trouble.”

“But, Mr. Wilson. I didn't...”

“That is all, Don. You had better head off to class. Otherwise, you will be late.” He dismissed me.

Rushing back to my locker to pick up my English Lit book, I was greeted by a *Pennied* locker. Someone had jammed pennies into the space between the locker door and

frame. These pennies made it difficult, at best, to open a locker. It took me a couple of minutes to dig the pennies loose so I could open my locker.

Just as the pennies popped out and fell to the hall floor, the bell rang. I was late for class.

I grabbed my books and slammed my locker closed, rushing to class.

As I expected, Miss Hauffman sent me to the office for an excuse for being tardy to class.

With the way my luck had been running, I wasn't surprised that I had to see Mr. Wilson to get the excuse.

"In trouble again, Don?"

"I just had some troubles with my locker, Mr. Wilson."

"If I had a dollar for every time I heard that story, I'd be rich," he said.

"Since you are already in detention for a week, I will let you off this time with just a warning. If you are late for class again this week, you'll get a second week of detention."

"I'll be extra careful, I promise, Mr. Wilson." I quickly rushed back to class.

Miss Hauffman looked at my excuse and said, "have a seat. You have your homework, don't you?"

"Yes Ma'am," I said before discovering that I had grabbed the wrong folder. "I mean, it's still in my locker, Miss Hauffman."

"You can get it to me right after class." She then turned her attention to teaching the class.

As class ended, Miss Hauffman said to me, "please stay after for a moment, Don. I need to give you the homework assignment that I handed out while you were getting your late excuse."

She took a couple of minutes to finish with the other students and then to find a copy of the assignment.

"This is my last copy. Why don't you write down the assignment?"

It didn't take more than five minutes for me to copy the assignment.

"Don't forget to bring me you assignment," Miss Hauffman reminded me as I handed her the assignment I had copied.

"I'll go get it right now, Ma'am."

When I reached my locker I discovered it was empty. My books, lunch, and everything were missing, everything but the school's books.

"*Great. I wonder what happened?*" I asked myself.

Just then, Tom and a group of his 'friends' stopped by.

"Hey, Kid. It looks like you keep a really neat locker." He laughed.

I knew now what had happened to my locker. Tom was responsible for my stuff being missing. I was so mad that I really wanted to hit him. I might have if I wasn't so sure that was exactly what he wanted me to do.

I closed my locker and headed back to Miss Hauffman's room to take my lumps.

*"I wish the guys liked me better and the girls respected me."* I thought to myself.

My week of detention passed without any more unusual trouble. At last it was Friday.

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"Hurry up, Honey," Mother said to me as she knocked on my door Sunday evening.

"I'll be right out, Mother."

We were going out to dinner to celebrate my birthday.

Dinner was fine, the high point of my week. But then, after this last week, a root canal would have been the high point.

As we entered the restaurant, I noticed some classmates of mine. I said "hi" and they didn't even notice me.

*"I wish, I got favorably noticed by my classmates, the guys liked me better, and the girls respected me."* I thought to myself.

For dessert, the waitress brought out a small cupcake with a birthday candle burning in the center of it.

She, and a half dozen others sang happy birthday to me and then Mother said, "make a wish, Honey, and blow out the candle."

*"I wish, I got favorably noticed by my classmates, the guys liked me better, and the girls respected me."* I thought to myself blowing out the candles.

I felt a shutter pass through my body, an involuntary shake.

Not very much later, as we were headed home, I began to feel out of sorts. *"Must be something I ate."* I wondered to myself.

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"You know, Honey," Mother said to me as we entered our house, "you really do need to get a hair cut."

"I just got one yesterday, remember?"

"Well. The barber didn't do a very good job. You are beginning to look shaggy."

"I am, aren't I?" I said, looking at my reflection in the mirror. Normally I wore my hair short, but it now looked longer than I had ever worn it. "I thought it was shorter." I added pulling up on my pants which were now riding low on my hips.

"I rented the newest Star Trek, Next Generations movie," Mother announced. "I figured you would like to watch it."

"Thanks, Mother." I was pulling on my pants again.

Settling into the couch, I began watching the movie.

As always, I enjoyed Star Trek movies. This one was particularly good, keeping my attention on the story until the final credits.

"You had best get ready for bed, Don."

Rather than answering, I slid off the couch to head to my room.

My shoes slipped off my feet as I started walking toward my bedroom.

"*That's odd.*" I thought, brushing something from my face. "*These shoes were a little tight.*" I brushed something from my face as I looked down passed my chest to my stocking feet.

I didn't notice anything odd.

I slipped my foot into my shoe wondering why it was suddenly so big.

Rather than worry about it, I bent over and picked up my shoes, straightening out my hair as I stood up.

I reached my bedroom. I stripped off my jeans and shirt in the darkness of my room, tossing them into the corner. I decided to skip my shower tonight, remembering I had showered just this afternoon. I stripped off my undershorts and T-shirt, tossing them on top of my jeans and shirt.

I opened the drawer on my dresser and reached in for a clean pair of under pants. Something felt wrong as I grabbed the top pair. I wasn't really sure what was wrong. They just felt different.

I slipped them on. They felt a little tight. "*I bet one of Mother's pairs of panties got mixed up with mine, again.*" I thought to myself.

As I bent over to remove the under garment, I felt a slight pull on my chest, one I wasn't familiar with. I ignored it.

I reached into the drawer to pull out another pair of my under pants. My hand only encountered undergarments that felt much the same as the first one did. My hand then encountered something that didn't feel at all like a pair of under pants or panties.

I pulled it out of the drawer and reached over to turn on the light.

In disbelief, I looked at the bra I was holding in my hands. My attention was then pulled to the mirror. The reflection in the mirror was, but wasn't me. I stared at the reflection in the mirror in horror.

Hair cascaded from my head over my shoulders. I had never before worn my hair over my ears.

I tried to call Mother. My mouth moved but nothing came out.

Trying again, I managed a sound that was closer to a gagging sound.

Third time was the charm. "Mother!" I called out.

Not giving her a chance to answer, I shouted louder, "MOTHER!"

"You don't need to shout, young ma..." Mother's comment died as she opened my door and saw me standing there.

I was too shocked by the changes I saw in myself to even feel any embarrassment over Mother seeing me without clothes on.

With a fascination common in all disasters, Mother and I stood and watched as my body continued to change.

An itchy sensation in my chest drew my attention there in time to notice first the enlarging of my nipples, followed by a ballooning of my breasts. So appalled at what was happening to my chest, I failed to notice the passing of my manhood. That is, until after it was gone.

After what seemed like a lifetime, the changes stopped. I stood there looking at my reflection in the mirror. Only it wasn't the familiar reflection I had seen as late as this afternoon.

She (there was no doubt as to her sex) was pretty, even beautiful. She possessed full breasts, like those I had only been able to imagine in my dreams... at least the "wet" ones.

Her hips were full and inviting. They were soft and well rounded. Her trim waist was nicely offset by her wide, feminine hips.

Other than a small inverted triangle of fur at the junction of her legs, she seemed to be totally devoid of hair below her head. Neither high, thin arches of eyebrows nor full eye lashes added much hair to her body. Only in the massive amount of hair that cascaded over her shoulder to the small of her back, did she show any amount of hair.

Almost by instinct, my arms moved to attempt to cover my naked breasts and the fur at the junction of my legs.

"What happened to me?" Even her voice was different. It wasn't just higher in tone, but the words were spoken differently, as well.

Rather than answer me, Mother fainted, collapsing to the floor.

\*\*\*\*\*

An hour later, I had no more answers than before. I did have many more questions. While getting dressed, it soon became obvious that not only had I changed physically... but so too had my belongings.

Instead of a closet partially full of boy's clothes, I had a closet crammed full of girl's clothes. Instead of a dresser filled with boy's clothes, I had a dresser crammed full of girl's clothes. My furniture had also changed, becoming more feminine and frilly.

As for Mother, when she woke, she accepted as normal, my feminine sex.

"I don't know what happened to me, Dawn. I thought you would like that cute nightie." She was referring to the night gown I had tossed over my nakedness.

This was just too weird. I had suddenly become a female and it was rapidly beginning to look like I was the only one who knew that.

I didn't get any sleep that night. I finally gave up and got up to get ready for school.

As I dressed, my mind was more on trying to figure out what had happened to me. I could think of nothing that I had even heard about that would have caused this to happen. I knew that there were men who became women, but that required hormone pills and shots, surgery, and lots of time. None of which I had undergone.

"*What else could it be?*" I wondered, racking my brain to figure out what could have trigger this radical change in me. I couldn't think of anything that I had done that would have effected me in this manner. Of course, I couldn't think of anything, short of magic, that could possibly have done the change in me as it had.

"Dawn. Breakfast is ready." I heard Mother call from the kitchen.

"Coming, Mother," I called out in my new high, clear (and sexy) soprano voice.

"That is a cute outfit," Mother said, causing me to notice for the first time how I was dressed.

My sweater top was cut low enough to display the top bulge of my breasts. Even more if I bent over.

Long, sexy, nylon—covered legs peaked out from a short mini skirt that hugged my hips before ending in high heeled pumps. I knew without looking that my hair was styled and my face was covered with makeup.

While wondering what had happened to me, I had dressed as would have any cute, sexy high school student. Only I wasn't a high school student... or was I?

\*\*\*\*\*

During the short walk to school, I was worried that no one would notice I was now a girl and that everyone would notice I was a girl.

"Morning, Gorgeous," I heard as I felt his arms encircle my waist from behind. "Sorry I couldn't make it to your birthday dinner last night. My folks insisted that I visit my Aunt."

I turned my head in fear, looking up into Bob Stamp's eyes. Before I could react, his lips reached mine in a long, tongue dancing kiss.

"Forgive me?"

Before I could think of an answer I heard, "I just love your outfit, Dawn. You always seem to dress so nicely." The voice belonged to Rebecca Millgillicutty, one of the snobbiest girls in school. "Are you coming to my slumber party this Friday?"

"Can I come?" Bob Stamp asked while I stood there in shock.

"Of course," Rebecca said, "just as soon as you become a girl."

My mind tried to figure out what was going on. *"I being noticed favorably by my classmates, the Bob Stamp likes me better, and the girls respected me. What is going on?"*

Then I remembered the wish that had been on my mind so much of late. *"I wish, I got favorably noticed by my classmates, the guys liked me better, and the girls respected me."*

It couldn't be, could it? I had wished that wish as I blew out the candle on my birthday cupcake and it came true. It had all come true.

My classmates were favorably noticing me. The guys, especially Bob Stamp, liked me. Even the girls seem to respect me and my opinion.

Once more I felt Bob's lips upon mine. I felt an excitement rise from deep within me, a feminine excitement. I found myself responding to Bob's kiss, both physically and mentally. My arms went around his neck as our tongues danced together.

*"I think I might like this birthday present."* I thought as the sexual pleasure, stronger than anything I had ever before felt washed over me. I had become a very popular girl indeed. I was no longer the Invisible Man.

Happy Birthday.

## GROWING UP

*By Gerri Becken*

*When we moved here last year, I felt I would be in heaven. I mean, what could be better for a young man of the world than to move into a neighborhood that was filled with cute, young ladies.*

*At the age of twelve, my hormones had kicked in enough that I was noticing girls. And more importantly, the difference between girls and boys.*

*This last year had destroyed all of my excellent fantasies.*

*The girls were more interested in older boys than they were in me. I had become like an invisible man to them. I knew that if I could only break into their little clique somehow, then I would be able to get them to notice me.*

*What had made matters worse was when my cousin, Susan, had come to visit for a week last December. She had managed, without even trying, to get accepted into their little clique. I guess I wasn't the best cousin to her once I saw what was going on. I did apologize just before she left.*

*Then I had the idea. Our school was on a year round schedule. We went to school for three months, then had a month off before doing it all over again. It had many pluses, I guess.*

*However, the important part of that was that there would be no school in April. It was that fact and how quickly Susan had fit in that had given me *the idea*.*

*I would have another cousin visit, my fictitious cousin, Kimberly would visit for the month. As her, I would get accepted by the girl's clique and be able to discover what I could do to make them like me.*

*After all, how hard can it be to be a girl. Girls do it every day.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*Dad had given me a lot of help without knowing it. He had always told me to plan out my course of action. You know, weigh the pros and cons, and then stick to my guns. I had done just that.*

I planned my course of action, considered all (I thought) of the pros and cons, and then finalized my plans. I doubt as much thought went into a modern military invasion, or a corporate takeover.

As it was only Dad and I living here, and he worked long hours, I managed the house. For this, he paid me a large allowance. I used most of it to fund Kimberly.

Using mail order catalogs, I ordered clothes for Kimberly to wear. I was very careful to make sure I ordered everything I needed.

Boxes of clothes began to arrive at my house as I received my orders. I tried on everything. I even sent a few items back and ordered more items that I had overlooked.

Every night after school, for two weeks, I pretended to be Kimberly in the security of our home. The weekend before school got out, Dad had to work.

I spent the day, as Kimberly, walking the mall, trying on clothes. I bought some more stuff. I also watched the girls in the mall to get some ideas on how to act. After eight hours in the mall, I felt I could handle this charade.

\*\*\*\*\*

Kimberly made her appearance on Saturday afternoon. She, as planned, began by just walking through the neighborhood so she would be noticed. I did much of what Susan had done several months ago.

I didn't expect to immediately be mobbed and elected into the girl's clique... and I wasn't. Still, I was noticed and said "hi" to a couple of the girls. That was more than I had gained in over a year before.

Sunday went much the same.

Monday, I actually talked with Elizabeth Redstone for about fifteen minutes! Everything was going as planned.

Kimberly's second Saturday was spent with several of the girls at the mall. Over the past week, I had learned a lot. I was fitting in with these girls, almost a member of their clique.

That is when my trouble began.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Hello," I said as I answered the phone.

"Kevin?" I heard Dad's voice on the phone.

"Hi, Dad." I remembered to deepen my voice.

“I am calling to let you know that your Aunt Peg just got called out of town for a couple of weeks. She asked if Susan could spend that time here with us. I told her it would be all right. Can you make up the spare bed? She will be here for dinner. Got to go, the other lines are ringing. See you about six o'clock tonight.”

I stood there holding on the dead phone in my hands. *“Susan's coming for a visit would just about destroy everything. I was still at least a week away from being able to start pushing Kevin on the girls. What am I to do?”*

To make matters worse, Jo Anna called up just as I was about ready to go change back into Kevin's clothes. She wanted to talk.

Just as I was finally able to get her to hang—up, I heard Dad's car pull into the garage. I rushed to my bedroom and tore off my blouse and put on a bulky sweat shirt. I didn't even take time to remove my bra.

I kicked off my flats and grabbed a pair of Kevin's slippers as I heard the garage door close. I ran into the bathroom and ran a wash rag over my face, trying to remove as much of my makeup as I could. I ran my hands through my hair, trying to get it out of the feminine style in which I now normally wore it.

I glanced in the mirror. I noticed, and removed, my earrings and then went out to meet Dad and Susan.

“Hi, Dad. Susan.” I tried to sound calmer than I was. “Do you need any help with your bags?”

Dad answered. “She will, I was only able to get half of her bags in one trip. I don't know why girls need so much stuff, do you Kevin?”

I shook my head.

“I had hoped to be able to spend some time with you guys this evening, but I have a late meeting that I just can't get out of. Do you think you guys will be able to manage?”

“Sure, Dad.”

“I am sure we will be, Uncle Archie,” Susan said. “Kevin and I will probably just spend the evening getting reacquainted. We have both changed in the last couple of months. There must be tons of stuff for us to catch up on. Right Kevin?”

“Sure Susan,” I said, suspecting that she knew my secret.

“I'm glad, kids. Kevin is a pretty good cook. I am sure he will take good care of you, Susan. See you guys later.”

Dad turned around and headed back to his car.

As the garage door closed, Susan asked me, “isn't it a little warm in here for that bulky sweat shirt. It is so much warmer here than it is at home.”

“*She knows!*” I thought.

“Let's bring my bags in and let me change into something more comfortable before we think about dinner. I don't eat much, I need to watch my girlish figure. You know what I mean, don't you?”

This discussion was killing me. I was just sure she knew and was rubbing it in.

I followed Susan down the hall to the room she had used during her last visit. I tossed one bag onto the bed, as she did the other.

“By the way, Kevin, I love your watch.”

I looked to my wrist, seeing that in my haste, I hadn't removed the watch that I wore as Kimberly.

“Ah,” I said, trying to think of something intelligent to say.

“I have a pair of jeans just like those. I bet we are about the same size.”

“Ah,” I repeated, sounding no more intelligent than before.

“Come now, Kevin. What is with the outfit? You are obviously dressing as a girl. You any good at it? Do you actually go out dressed up? What name do you use?”

“Ah,” I said once more.

“You know, I don't mind what you wear or who you try to be. You can tell me. I thought we managed to settle that stuff after my last visit.”

Slowly, I explained to Susan what I was doing and why.

“I know you were mad at me for fitting in so fast when you hadn't been able to do so. I just didn't think you would be brave enough to dress as a girl. You actually are pulling it off?”

“Yes, I am.” My pride was a little hurt by her comment.

“Will you go get dressed back as Kimberly for me? Then we girls can fix dinner. I bet you would like some honest comments on Kimberly, wouldn't you?”

I wasn't too sure if I would like honest comments or not, but I let myself be talked into getting dressed as Kimberly.

It took me about as long to get redressed as Kimberly as it did for Susan to change from the flight.

I was nervous when I let Susan see Kimberly. I kept telling myself that I had been out in public for over a week as Kimberly, so I shouldn't be worried. But a small voice kept saying back that this was the first time anyone knew that Kimberly was really Kevin in drag.

“You are really quite pretty, Kimberly,” Susan said as we sat in the living room. “Uncle Archie doesn't suspect you, does he?”

“I don't think he does. Dad hasn't hinted at anything. But then, he is gone more than not.”

“I know. Mom says that your dad would work thirty hours a day if he could figure out how to add six hours to a day. He was always like that. She was amazed that he found time for a wife.”

Comments about my mother no longer bothered me. She had died in a freak accident before I was six—months—old. I didn't really know her. Since we moved here, I was pretty much on my own.

Susan took to Kimberly like a fish to water. She insisted that I become more feminine, helping me along the way.

Under her guidance, Kimberly expanded her wardrobe to skirts, got her ears pierced, and had her nails done.

As bad as it might have sounded, it was for the best. Kimberly was fitting in better than I had ever hoped she would.

By the end of the week, she had become a member of the clique and was now able to begin phase two... selling Kevin to the girls.

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Phase two was put on hold before I could even get started with it.

A dance Friday night attracted Susan's attention. Upon her suggestion, the girls decided to attend.

I was almost sick to my stomach with fear as the evening of the dance neared. Still, I was determined to go through with the dance.

Susan helped me get ready. I couldn't quite get over her cavalier attitude about nakedness and me. She didn't seem to mind if I saw her in just her panties and bra. She treated me the same way.

But then we didn't look much different, even in just panties and a bra.

One of Susan's suggestions involved my tapping my still small manhood in such a way to present a seemingly female groin. With some more of that *magic* tape, she was able to present me with a cleavage only a little smaller than the other thirteen-year-old girls possessed.

We were both dressed in just panties and bras as she was reviewing my choice of clothes for the dance.

"What do you think of this one?" I asked holding up a pair of jeans and a bulky top.

"No. It just won't do. You should dress more like I do, something like this." She held up a short skirt and tight blouse.

"I don't own anything like that."

"I have a couple of outfits like this. I bet you can get into one of mine," she offered. "Here, try on this one."

She handed me a skirt and blouse outfit.

Nervously, I slipped the skirt up over my boyish hips. I then slipped the blouse over my head, pulling it tightly across my breasts.

Trying not to notice how sexy this outfit made me look, I brushed my hair and applied my makeup.

"These earrings will really go with that outfit," Susan told me holding up a pair of long, dangling earrings.

"But my holes haven't healed, yet. The lady said not to take these out for six weeks." My hand going to my ear.

"I know what she said, but as long as we put something right back in, it won't matter."

"I guess not." I didn't sound very convinced.

Susan and I were getting a ride to the dance with Elizabeth's mother. As we walked to her house, I felt the cool breeze blowing under my skirt and swirling around my naked legs. I could never remember feeling so vulnerable... nor so pretty.

I had made up my mind that while I would go to the dance, I wouldn't dance with any boys.

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We arrived early at the dance. There weren't many people there. When the music started we just sort of stood around for a while, waiting.

I am not sure who started, but soon we were dancing the fast dances with each other. I was just beginning to relax and enjoy myself when I suddenly found myself fast dancing with a boy. I didn't recognize him. I guessed that he had to be at least a ninth grader, two years my senior.

I was too scared to run. "*What are you afraid of?*" I asked myself. "*This is not any different than dancing with the girls.*"

Once more I began to relax. I ignored thinking about the boy with whom I was dancing.

Then the band's lead singer announced, "we are now going to slow things down a bit."

Before I could react, I felt the boy take me in his arms and begin to sway in time with the music.

"Relax." His deep voice rumbled in my ear. "This won't hurt, I promise."

I wasn't so sure about his promise.



I survived that dance, somehow.

I even survived those that followed.

The boy, Bob Southam, danced nearly every dance with me that night. As the evening progressed, I began once again to relax. I didn't really enjoy dancing with him, although I did enjoy dancing.

He must have caught me half asleep. When he asked me for my phone number, I gave it to him without thinking.

As we parted after the dance, he said, "maybe we can get together and see a movie sometime, or something."

Attempting to be non-committal, I said, "or something." Trying to find a way out, I introduced him to my cousin, Susan. I figured that would slow down his wanting to call me.

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Around noon on Saturday, during one of the rare times that Dad was home from work, he called. Luckily, I answered the phone before Dad could get it.

"Hi, Kimberly. This Bob, Bob Southam, from the dance last night."

"Oh, hi Bob."

"My folks said it would be all right if you and Susan come to the movie with us tonight. My friend George would like to meet Susan. Can you guys make it?"

"Well, I'll see."

"Hurry up and get off the phone." Dad said to me. "I am expecting an important call."

"All right," I said to Dad. Bob heard my reply.

"Great. The movie starts at seven. We will pick you up at five. We are going to get some dinner first. Is five okay?"

"Hurry up." Dad repeated himself.

"All right." I answered Dad again without thinking. Bob heard my response, again.

"Great! See you both at five. Bye."

"What is the matter?" Susan asked me. "You look like a condemned woman."

"I feel like one, too."

"Why? What is wrong?"

"Bob. The guy you met last night, called."

"And?"

"He asked us to join him, his family, and his friend, George for dinner and a movie, tonight."

"What movie?"

"I didn't ask."

"Well. I haven't seen any of the new movies playing here. You did agree, didn't you?"

"Yes and no."

"Which is it, yes or no?"

"I didn't say yes, but he thinks I did."

"Great! I danced a couple of dances with George. I think he is kind of cute."

"But he will expect Kimberly to go on the date. I can't date a guy!"

"Why not? It can't be much different than dating a girl, only more expensive in the long run."

"Huh. That doesn't make sense. If the guy pays for the evening, how can it be more expensive?"

"The guy pays maybe fifteen dollars for the evening, while you spend about forty buying new clothes for the date."

"I don't have to worry about that, I'd never buy something special for a date," I said, sounding very positive about the idea.

"Just wait and see, Kimberly." Susan said before adding, "do you have any idea how Kimberly is going to get out past your dad?"

"Heavens no. I had forgotten about him. I can't get passed him as Kimberly. I'm dead."

Just then Dad knocked on the door. "Sorry about tonight. I have got to go to a meeting. You don't mind do you?"

"Not at all, Uncle Archie. We were thinking about taking in a movie with *friends*."

"Sounds fine to me. Here is ten dollars each for the movie," Dad said while digging into his wallet. "Keep what you don't use."

"Thanks, Dad."

"Thanks, Uncle Archie."

Once we were again alone, I told Susan, "there is no way I am going to wear a skirt to the movie. Especially not one of your skirts."

"No problem, Kimberly. I have just the outfit planned for you. It is jeans and a top."

"That doesn't sound too bad." I said.

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"I'll never get these jeans zipped up." I tried pulling the skin tight jeans up and over my boyish hips.

“Once you get them up, lay down on the bed to zip them up,” Susan suggested as she did it to zip up her jeans.

“What if I have to go to the bathroom before we get home. The restrooms don't normally have a bed.”

“True. But many do have a couch. However, these jeans will relax some before you need to even worry about it.”

I wasn't too convinced she was right, but I accepted her word, anyway.

“This top isn't all here.”

“It is supposed to look like that,” Susan explained. “It is a crop top.”

“I'll probably catch a cold from the draft.” If I raised my arms, the gap widened to nearly seven inches.

“You'll be fine. Unless Bob tries to slip his hand up your top.”

I nearly died from shame at the thought of Bob's, or any boy's hand under my blouse as it groped for my breasts.

Susan laughed at the look on my face.

“Don't worry. Boys the age of Bob and George are more talk than action. Even if he tries, you will be able to stop him easily enough.”

Our conversation was cut short by the door bell ringing.

Susan answered the door, as she normally did.

“Hurry up Kimberly. It is Bob and George.”

“Coming,” I said, picking up my purse.

Susan insisted that I take a purse with me everywhere we went.

A purse allows you to carry those items you might need. Like makeup, money, and during your time of the month, a spare feminine napkin or tampon.”

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On the way to dinner, George and Susan sat in the very back, while Bob and I sat in the middle seat of his parent's mini van.

We had dinner at a family restaurant that served decent food. Susan, Mrs. Southam, and I all headed toward the Ladies room at the same time after dinner.

I was shocked to see that the stalls in this restaurant's Ladies room didn't have doors. If I hadn't been about to pee my panties, I would have waited until we got to the movie theater. Only I couldn't wait that long.

Praying that no one would notice that my groin was covered by flesh colored first aid tape instead of skin or fine fur, I sat and did my business.

Mrs. Southam further embarrassed me by talking to me as we sat in adjacent stalls.

“Don't take Fred too seriously,” she said about her husband. “He is really nothing more than a big tease.”

Adding to my discomfort, several other women entered and stood around waiting for a stall to open.

Once I finished, I pulled up my panties with as much speed as I thought could without drawing attention to my actions.

The guys met us at the counter. I was still worrying so much about the trip to the Ladies room that I didn't notice, until we were at the car, that Bob took my hand in his as we had walked to the car.

This time Bob and I got the back seat of the car. Bob allowed me to enter the car first before sliding in next to me.

As the door closed and the overhead light went out, Bob's arm slipped around my shoulders.

I didn't want it there, but I didn't want to raise an objection, either.

“*Relax.*” I thought to myself. I tried but failed.

We arrived at the movie theater early enough to find our seats before the lights dimmed at the start of the show.

As in the car, Bob's arm appeared around my shoulders as the lights dimmed.

At first I tried to ignore Bob's arm around my shoulder, but then his hand fell against the top of my breast. I moved his hand gently, giving him the message that the arm was fine but the hand had better mind its own business. Besides, by that time I was beginning to enjoy the feeling of power I was finding I had over Bob. He was trying to please me, and I liked the feeling.

During the car ride back to my house, I even snuggled up against him some as his arm was once more around my shoulder.

I had figured I had all of this worked out as Bob and George walked Susan and I to the front door. His father, tactfully, had driven down the street to turn around.

“I had a lovely evening,” I told Bob, only partially aware that Susan was telling George much the same thing.

“Maybe we can do it again sometime soon,” Bob said hopefully.

“Maybe.”

Then, before I knew what he was doing, I felt his lips on mine as he gave me a good night kiss. I was so shocked by his action that I just stood there. Bob took this as my acceptance and drew the kiss out forever... or so it seemed.

Just before I once again regained control of my thoughts, he broke off the kiss and said one last time, “good night, Kimberly.” With that, he and George left Susan and I standing outside the now open front door.

“You sure seemed to enjoy yourself, tonight,” Susan said as we entered the house, closing the door behind us.

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I was worried that night as I lay in bed, thinking about what Susan had said. Not to mention, what I had done and felt.

Telling myself the truth, I had to admit that I had enjoyed being with Bob tonight.

Not only had I enjoyed the dinner, the movie, and just being with other people; but I had enjoyed his arm around me and his kiss. But then, I hadn't really thought of him as a guy.

Susan's time with us was rapidly nearing its end. She and I double dated with Bob and George once more before she left.

It had went much like the first time, only I was more prepared for the good night kiss. This time I cut it short, telling Bob that it was because it was late.

Under Susan's guidance, and the influence of the girl's and Bob, Kimberly blossomed. I even began to wear more feminine clothes around Dad. If he noticed anything, he didn't say it.

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Finally the day for Susan to depart arrived. At the last moment, something came up and Dad couldn't take her to the airport. “Take the bus, you guys. Kevin can see you off, Susan and then catch the bus back home.”

It made sense for me to go with Susan so she wouldn't have to wait alone at the airport until her flight left.

I gave in to Susan's request. I wore my own mini skirt and tight blouse outfit that she had talked me into buying. We were two cute coeds as we sat in the airport waiting for Susan's flight to be called.

At last I bid her a farewell, waving to her plane as it left. I then made my way through the crowded airport to baggage claim to catch the bus home.

As I climbed onto the bus, Kimberly was firmly in control. She was a little worried about being on the bus, but only to the extent that is nature for a girl her age.

During most of the long bus ride back home, I sat next to a kindly old lady who kept me talking most of the way.

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The next week, the last week before school started again was busy. As Kimberly, I was very much part of the girl's clique. Somehow I had never found the right time to bring up Kevin.

Dad remained busy, if not busier than normal.

Bob took me on a solo date. We went to see a double feature. His mother dropped us off at the theater and promised to pick us up once the movies were over.

The first movie was an interesting romantic comedy. The second movie was more of a romantic drama. I was so involved with the movie, that I didn't notice Bob's hand on my breast until the pleasure I was feeling became almost unbearable. My body was reacting to his gentle touch with waves of pleasure.

Without thinking, I accepted his lips against mine.

My body was so enjoying the sensations it was feeling that I failed to notice his hand slip up under my crop top to grope my breast.

When the lights came on, I retreated to the crowded Ladies room to try to regain my composure before his mother came to pick us up.

I felt almost normal when I joined him in the lobby. I was glad to see his mother was waiting outside for us.

With the start of school only a few days away, I accepted what I had planned to be Kimberly's last appearance, an invitation to my own birthday party thrown by the girls.

Dad said that he really wanted to attend this party, but couldn't. I told him not to worry, we could do something together, later.

The party was set up to be held at the Family Rustler, a family restaurant in town. We were to have a room sort of to ourselves.

In addition to the girls, several boys were also invited, to include Bob.

The other girls decided that it should be a bit of a dress up party, so I needed to buy myself a new dress. I wondered if it would be worth it, spending fifty or sixty dollars for a dress to wear just once.

When I was done shopping, I was surprised to see that I had spent closer to one hundred dollars on the outfit. But then I had bought nylons, new shoes, a new dress, a new purse, and a new set of earrings.

I felt at least as pretty as I looked as I waited for Bob and his parents to arrive. They were going to take me to the restaurant.

The start of the party went great. We had dinner from the restaurant's buffet bar. I watched with amazement as the guys at the party put away such mounds of food. I couldn't remember ever eating that much food in one day... let alone one meal.

When everyone seemed to have finished eating, I opened the mountain of presents that everyone had brought. It reminded me more of the entire Christmas at our house rather than a birthday party.

I accepted with pleasure, each gift. Each gift was obviously for Kimberly, a pretty teenage girl. Never once did I wonder when I would ever use them.

Once the last gift was opened and the wrapping paper cleared away, my birthday cake was brought out.

I posed for some pictures before the candles were lit.

The cake was covered with pretty pink and purple flowers made from frosting. In pink letters against the white frosting was the phrase "Happy Birthday, Kimberly".

The candles were lit and as everyone was singing the happy birthday song I glanced toward the door. To my shock and horror, there was Dad looking around the room for me.

"Make a wish and blow out the candles," someone said.

*"I wish Dad doesn't think that there is anything wrong with how I look."* I wished as I blew out the candles.

As the last candle went out, I felt a shutter pass through me.

I sat there not knowing what else to do as Dad walked over to where I was sitting.

He stopped right next to me, leaned over and gave me a kiss.

He then said, "I am glad that I was able to make it to at least some of my daughter's thirteenth birthday party."

You could have knocked me over with a feather. *"What did he mean?"* I wondered. *"Daughter's birthday?"*

Everyone had a big piece of cake to finish the evening. Bob gave me a happy birthday kiss to go with the darling necklace he had given me.

Later that evening as I was getting ready for bed, I noticed that I had gotten my birthday wish. Dad wouldn't notice anything odd about how I was dressed, and neither would anyone else. Physically, I was now Kimberly.

What's more, she was looking forward to when she was older and could *really* enjoy spending time with Bob or whomever her steady boyfriend then was. Kimberly was all girl. Kimberly was Growing Up.

Happy Birthday.

## Post Script

*I hope you liked these stories. I have got to go now. The 'Boss' is sending down some computer geek to check out the new Mark IV computer. She said something about them having some sort of reality problem.*

*I told her that my computer wasn't having any problems with reality, at least no more than a computer that grants wishes to those who make them. I didn't see anything wrong with the way the wishes turned out.*

*But then, they call me the Birthday Fairy, don't they?*